PLAYS

Written by

WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq;

VOLUME the SECOND.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCCXXXV.

LAYS

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VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

LOVE *for* LOVE. A Comedy.

The MOURNING BRIDE. A Tragedy.

The WAY *of the* WORLD. A Comedy.

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LOVE for LOVE. A Comedy.

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LOVE for LOVE.

A

COMEDY.

Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Infanire parat certâ ratione modoque. Hor.

By the Late

Mr. CONGREVE.



LONDON
Printed for JACOB TONSON in the Strand.
MDCCXXXV.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A

COMEDY.

Nudus agris, nudus nummis Dolatus,
Hic multo de cœrâ tectum emundat opus. Hor.

By Mr. Congreve.

LONDON:

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My Lord,

A Young Poet is liable to the same Vanity and Indiscretion with a young Lover; and the Great Man who smiles upon one, and the Fine Woman who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of 'em in Danger of having the Favour publish'd with the first Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which will a little distinguish the Offenders. For tho' one should have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other may only have an Ambition to advance his own. And I beg Leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the Cause and Excuse of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is also the Father of his Country; and as no body can dispute your Lordship's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; so all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge Your Universal Patronage. And it is only presuming on the Privilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Address of Thanks to Your Lordship; which, at the same Time, includes a Prayer for Your Protection.

I am not Ignorant of the Common Form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to distinguish their Patrons, by the shining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my Lord, is not my Business at this time, nor is Your Lordship *now* to be distinguished. I am contented with the Honour I do my self in this Epistle; without the Vanity of attempting to add to, or explain your Lordship's Character.

I confess it is not without some struggling, that I behave my self in this Case, as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleased with a Subject, and yet forbear it. But I choose rather to follow *Pliny*'s Precept, than his Example, when, in his Panegyrick to the Emperor *Trajan*, he says,

Nec minus considerabo quid laudes ejus pati possint,
Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excused the Pedantry of a Quotation, when it is so justly apply'd. Here are some Lines in the Print, (and which your Lordship read before this Play was Acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the

Third

Third Act, which not only helps the Design forward with less Precipitation, but also heightens the ridiculous Character of *Foresight*, which indeed seems to be maim'd without it. But I found my self in great Danger of a long Play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho' notwithstanding my Care, and the kind Reception it had from the Town; I could heartily wish it yet shorter: But the Number of different Characters represented in it, would have been too much crowded in less room.

This Reflexion on Prolixity, (a Fault, for which scarce any one Beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain Your Lordship any longer with the Trifles of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's Most

Obedient and Most

Humble Servant,

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House.

By Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for Fruit from Seed he sows,
When what from Fruit the Tree, decaying, bore,
Th' unladen Boughs, he sees, bode certain Death,
Unless transplanted to more kindly Earth.
So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found,
Their Labours lost upon ungrateful Ground,
This last and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a Colony which you enrich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's first Age,
So from your Bounty we receive this Stage;
The Fruitful Muse was first by you inspir'd,
And to our World such Plenty you afford,
It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in Paradise frail Flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve
One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
We who remain, would gratefully repay
What our Endeavours can, and bring, this Day,
The First-fruit Offering, of a Virgin Play.

PROLOGUE.

We hope there's something that may please each Taste,
And tho' of Homely Fare we make the Feast,
Yet you will find Variety at last.
There's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got,
And for the thirsting Party there's a Plot.
We've something too, to gratify Ill-nature,
(If there be any here) and that is Satire.
Tho' Satire scarce dare grin, 'tis grown so mild
Or only shows its Teeth, as if it smil'd.
As Asses Thistles, Poets mumble Wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
And are afraid to use their own Edge-Tools.
Since the Plain-Dealer's *Scenes of Manly Rage,*
Not one has dar'd to laste this Crying Age.
This time, the Poet owns the bold Essay,
Yet hopes there's no Ill-manners in his Play.
And he declares by me, he has design'd
Affront to none, but frankly speaks his Mind.
And shou'd th' ensuing Scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one Excuse, 'twas writ
Before your late Encouragement of Wit.

WOMEN.

SCENE

Drama.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Sampson Legend*, Father to *Valentine* and *Ben*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Valentine, Fallen under his Father's Displeasure by his expensive way of living, in Love with *Angelica*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Scandal, his Friend, a free Speaker.	Mr. *Smith*.
Tattle, A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himself for Secrecy.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Ben, Sir *Sampson*'s younger Son, half home bred, and half Sea bred, design'd to marry Miss *Prue*.	Mr. *Dogget*.
Foresight, An illiterate old Fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand Astrology, Palmistry, Physiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c. Uncle to *Angelica*.	Mr. *Sandford*.
Jeremy, Servant to *Valentine*.	Mr *Bowen*.
Trapland, A Scrivener.	Mr. *Trifusis*.
Buckram, A Lawyer.	Mr. *Freeman*.

WOMEN.

Angelica, Niece to *Foresight*, of a considerable Fortune in her own Hands.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Foresight*, Second Wife to *Foresight*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Mrs. *Frail*, Sister to Mrs. *Foresight*, a Woman of the Town.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Miss *Prue*, Daughter to *Foresight* by a former Wife, a silly awkward Country Girl.	Mrs. *Ayliff*.
Nurse to Miss.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Jenny.	Mrs. *Lawson*.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

The SCENE is LONDON.

Love for Love.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Valentine *in his Chamber Reading.* Jeremy *waiting.* *Several Books upon the Table.*

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

Jere. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read——

Jere. You'll grow devilish fat upon this Paper Diet.

[*Aside, and taking away the Books.*

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to Breakfast—— There's a Page doubled down in *Epictetus*, that is a Feast for an Emperor.

Jere. Was *Epictetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

Val. Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite, learn to live upon Instruction; feast your Mind, mortify your Flesh; Read, and take your Nourishment in at your Eyes; shut up your Mouth, and open the Gate of Understanding. So *Epictetus* advises.

Val. A very rich Man, [illegible]

Jere. Humph, and so he has made a very fine Feast where there's nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: But if you please, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of these poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Money? Will they shut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, because he understands Confinement, and liv'd in a Tub, go to Prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your self up here, with three or four musty Books, in Commendation of Starving and Poverty?

Val. Why, Sirrah, I have no Money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Example of the wisest and best Men in all Ages; these Poets and Philosophers whom you naturally hate, for just such another Reason; because they abound in Sense, and you are a Fool.

Jere. Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I am poor enough to be a Wit — But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your Expences would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that did not care a Farthing for you in your Prosperity; and keeping Company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but your Prosperity; and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an Opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll purloin [illegible] with more Love than ever, and appear more [illegible] her Admirer in this Retiring, than when I openly [illegible]

the rich Pope that made Court to her; so that my Poverty be a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps, make her compassionate the Love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowness of Fortune. And for the Wits; I'm sure I am in a Condition to be even with them.

Jere. Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their Trade out of their Hands.

Jere. Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper; you don't mean to write!

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

Jere. Hem! ——— Sir, if you please to give me a small Certificate of three Lines only to certify those whom it may concern, That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by Name, has for the Space of seven Years truly and faithfully serv'd *Valentine Legend*, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any Misdemeanour; but does voluntarily difmiss his Master from any future Authority over him ———

Val. No, Sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jere. Sir, it's impossible. I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your Works: But to live, even three Days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a Muse, after my Decease.

Val. You are witty, you Rogue, I shall want your Help; ——— I'll have you learn to make Couplets, tag the ends of Acts: D'ye hear, get the Maids to Crimbo in an Evening, and learn the Knack of Rhiming, you may arrive to the height of a Song, sent by an unknown Hand to a Chocolate House Lampoon.

Jere. Is it this the way to recover your Father's Favour? Sir *Sampson* will be Irreconcileable. If your younger Master should come from Sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir, you're undone.

Val. Why, there's Comfort in that. While things are at worst, they will mend. I have a Small Estate in the World, which my Father cannot take from me; and that I'll spend chearfully, and when 'tis gone, I'll

Jere.

it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal Oak* Lottery—— Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the House would have been an Alderman by this time with half the Trade, if he had set up in the City—— For my part, I never sit at the Door, that I don't get double the Stomach that I do at a Horse Race. The Air upon *Banstead-Downs* is nothing to it for a Whetter; yet I never see it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with Pimping, and carrying *Billet-doux* and Songs; not like other Porters for Hire, but for the Jest's sake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his Proportion, with carrying a Poet upon Tick, to visit some great Fortune; and his Fare to be paid him, like the Wages of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of Death.

Val. Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

Jere. Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookseller, with a meagre terrify'd Countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn Author, and bring the rest of his Brethren into the same Condition; and lastly, in the Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verses in her Hand, which her Vanity had prefer'd to Settlements, without a whole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the Muses; or as if she were carrying her Linen to the Paper-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning to all young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good Sense; or lying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Embraces of a wealthy Fool.

SCENE II.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Scan. WHAT, *Jeremy* holding forth?

Val. The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muster up) been declaiming against Wo-

Scan.

Scan. Ay! Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For where-ever it is, it's always contriving its own Ruin.

Jer. Why so I have been telling my Master, Sir: Mr. *Scandal*, for Heav'ns sake, Sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning Poet.

Scan. Poet! He shall turn Soldier first, and rather depend upon the Outside of his Head, than the Lining. Why, what the Devil has not your Poverty made you Enemies enough? Must you needs shew your Wit to get more?

Jere. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any Body that has more Wit than himself?

Scan. Jeremy speaks like an Oracle. Don't you see how worthless great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of small Fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of Enquiry into their Titles and Estates; and seems Commission'd by Heav'n to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my Writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail! At whom? the whole World? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Sense in a Country where the Religion is Folly! You may stand at Bay for a while; but when the full Cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your Life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the Huntsmen.——No, turn Pimp, Flatterer, Quack, Lawyer, Parson, be Chaplain to an Atheist, or Stallion to an old Woman, any thing but Poet; a Modern Poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: without you could retrieve the Ancient Honours of the Name, recall the Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the Force of open honest Satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our Poets, as if your Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage.——Well, I am not violently bent upon the Trade.——[*One Knocks.*] *Jeremy*, see who's there. [*Jer. goes to the Door.*] But tell

me

me with? you would have me do it?—What do the World say of me, and my forc'd Confinement?

Scan. The World believes it self, as it uses to do on such Occasions; some pity you, and condemn your Father: Others excuse him, and blame you; only the Ladies are unnatural, and wish you well: Sweet Love and Pleasurable Expence, have been your greatest Faults.

Val. How now?

Jere. Nothing new, Sir: I have dispatch'd some half a Dozen Duns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge dines Causes at Dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you giv'n 'em?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old Receipt.

Jere. No, faith, Sir; I have put 'em off so long with Patience and Forbearance, and other fair Words, that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *English*—

Val. What?

Jere. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jere. To Morrow.

Val. And how the Devil do you mean to keep your Word?

Jere. Keep it! Not at all; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to Morrow, and no body be surpriz'd at the Matter—[*Knocking.*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my Negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these your self?

Val. See who they are.

SCENE III.

Valentine, Scandal.

BY this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great: Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army lead just such a Life as I do; I have just

just such Crowds of Villains in a Morning, all following of past Promises; which are but a civiler sort of Duns, that lay claim to voluntary Debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great Man, having engag'd their Attendance, and promised more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplex'd to find Evasions, than you would be to invent the honest Means of keeping your Word, and gratifying your Creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your Friends, and do not provoke your Enemies; this Liberty of your Tongue, will one day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Friend.

SCENE IV.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Jer. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two substantial Fellows like lawful Fads, that would knock a Man down with Pocket Tipstaves—And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurse with one of your Children from *Twitnam*——

Val. Pox on her, could she find no other time to fling my Sins in my Face: Here, give her this. [*Gives Money.*] and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtless two handed Whore, she knows my Condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a Fortnight ago, if she had any foresight in her.

Scan. What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godson?

Jer. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My Blessing to the Boy, with this Token [*Gives Money.*] of my love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more Flocks in her Bed, and shift twice a Week, and not

Work;

work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously,—— I shall take the Air shortly.

Val. Scandal, don't spoil my Boy's Milk:—— Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I shall be at rest for one Day.

SCENE V.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy.

Val. O *Mr. Trapland!* my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy*, a Chair quickly.—— Bottle of Sack and a Toast——fly——a Chair first.

Trap. A good Morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come sit down, you know his way.

Trap. [*Sits*] There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500*l.* of pretty long standing——

Val. I cannot talk about Business with a thirsty Palate.——Sirrah, the Sack.

Trap. And I desire to know what Course you have taken for the Payment?

Val. Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to see you,——my Service to you,——fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap. Hold, Sweet-heart.——This is not to our Business:——my Service to you Mr. *Scandal*——[*Drinks*]——I have forborn as long——

Val. T'other Glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth.—I have forborn, I say——

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.——And how does your

your handsome Daughter?—— Come, a good Husband to her. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Thank you—I have been out of this Money—

Val. Drink first. *Scandal*, why do you not drink? [*They drink.*

Trap. And in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did me Signal Service in my Necessity. But you delight in doing good.—— *Scandal*, drink to me, my Friend *Trapland*'s Health. An honester Man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his Friend in Distress: Tho' I say it to his Face. Come fill each Man his Glass.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaster, and loves a Wench still. You never knew a Whoremaster that was not an honest Fellow.

Trap. Fy, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew——

Scan. What don't I know?—— I know the Buxom black Widow in the *Poultry*——800*l.* a Year Jointure, and 5000*l.* in Money. Ahah! Old *Trap*.

Val. Say you so, i'faith? Come, we'll remember the Widow: I know whereabouts you are: Come, to the Widow——

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What, the Widow's Health? give it him—— off with it. [*They drink.*] A lovely Girl, i'faith, black sparkling Eyes, hot pouting Ruby Lips! better sealing-time, and good for a Million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our Business——You're a Wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the Widow's Business, fill again—— Pretty round heaving Breasts,——a *Barbary* Shape, and a Jut with her Bum, would stir an *Anchoret*: And the prettiest Foot! Oh if a Man could but fasten his Eyes to her Feet, as they steal in and out, and play at Bo-peep under her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*?

Trap.

Trap. Verily, give me a Glass, ——— you're a Wag, ——— and here's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*

Sam. He begins to chuckle; ——— ply him close, or he'll relapse into a Dun.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] Officer.

Off. BY your Leave, Gentlemen, ——— Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our Office, tell us. ——— We have half a dozen Gentlemen to Arrest in *Pall Mall* and *Covent Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-Houses, and then our Labour's lost.

Trap. Odso that's true, Mr. *Valentine*, I love Mirth, but Business must be done, and you ready to ———

Val. Sir, your Father's Steward says he comes to make Proposals concerning your Debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, send away your Officer, you shall have an Answer presently.

Trap. Mr. *Step*, stay within Call.

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy, Steward *who whispers* Valentine.

Scan. HERE's a Dog now, a Traytor in his Wine; Sirrah, refund the Sack; *Jeremy* fetch him some warm Water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the shortest way to his Conscience.

Trap.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your Money again, when a Gentleman has ſpent it?

Val. You need ſay no more, I underſtand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my Neceſſity is very preſſing: I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing.——Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he ſhall ſatisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus preſſing, but my Neceſſity——

Val. No Apology, good Mr. *Scrivener*, you ſhall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my Buſineſs requires——

SCENE VIII.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. He begs Pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

Val. But I have got a Reprieve.

Scan. I am ſurpriz'd; what, does your Father relent?

Val. No; He has ſent me the hardeſt Conditions in the World: You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was ſent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, my Father hears, is landed; whereupon he very affectionately ſends me Word; If I will make a Deed of Conveyance of my Right to his Eſtate after his Death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furniſh me with four thouſand Pound to pay my Debts, and make my Fortune. This was once propoſed before, and I refuſ'd it; but the preſſing Importunity of my Creditors for their Money, and

my own Impatience of Confinement, and Abſence from *Angelica*, force me to conſent.

Scan. A very deſperate Demonſtration of your Love to *Angelica*: And I think ſhe has never given you any Aſſurance of hers.

Val. You know her Temper; ſhe never gave me any great Reaſon either for Hope or Deſpair.

Scan. Women of her airy Temper, as they ſeldom think before they act, ſo they rarely give us any Light to gueſs at what they mean: But you have little Reaſon to believe that a Woman of this Age, who has had an Indifference for you in your Proſperity, will fall in Love with your ill Fortune; beſides, *Angelica*, has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Jeremy.

Jer. MORE Misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What, another Dun?

Jer. No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it,——you muſt bring him up, for I don't go abroad.

SCENE X.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, prythee ſtay: *Tattle* and you ſhould never be aſunder; you are Light and Shadow, and ſhow one another; he is perfectly thy Reverſe both in

is Humour and Understanding; and in you set up for Defamation, he is a member of Reputations.

Scan. A member of Reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of Secrets, another Virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the Rogue will speak aloud in the Posture of a Whisper; and deny a Woman's Name, while he gives you the Marks of her Person: He will forswear receiving a Letter from her, and at the same time shew you her Hand in the Superscription: And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the Hand too, and sworn to a Truth, but he hopes not to be believ'd: and refuses the Reputation of a Lady's Favour, as a Doctor says, No, to a Bishoprick, only that it may be granted him.—In short, he is a publick Professor of Secresy, and makes Proclamation he holds private intelligence.——He's here.

SCENE XI.

[*Jeremy*] Tattle.

Tatt. *Valentine*, good Morrow; *Scandal*, I am Yours,——That is, when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am Yours; for while I am my own, or any Body's else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How Inhuman!

Val. Why, *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he says: For to converse with *Scandal* is to play at *Losing Loadum*; you must lose a good Name to him, before you can win it for your self.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate to him, that the World shall think the better of any Person for his Calumniation!——I thank Heaven, it has always been a part of my Character, to handle the Reputations of others very tenderly indeed——

Scand.

Scan. Ay, such sweet Reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, but why sweet? Why should you say sweet, when you know not the Persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is?

Scan. Not know 'em? Why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not think to all the Town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a Jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that no Body knows any thing of that Nature of me. As I hope to be sav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, since I knew what Woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tatt. To be free with you, I have——I don't care if I own that——Nay more (I'm going to lay a bold Word now) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to do with any Body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him——Except her Husband, *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh that——

Scan. What think you of that noble Commoner *Mrs. Frail*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know *Madam Frail* has made her Brags in three or four Places, that I paid this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what——But, upon my Reputation, she did me wrong——Well, well, that was Malice——But I know the Bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know——A Man too. Only to bring me into Disgrace with a certain Woman of Quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that——Yes, yes, every body knows——No doubt on't, every body knows my Secrets——But I soon satisfy'd the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her——Madam, says I, there are some Per-

sons

ſons who make it their Buſineſs to tell Stories, and ſay this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the World; and, ſays I, if your Grace———

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I ſaid? My unlucky Tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou haſt more Impudence than one can in Reaſon expect: I ſhall have an Eſteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you ſay to her Grace?

Val. I confeſs this is ſomething extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a Word, as I hope to be ſaved; an errant *Lapſus Linguæ* ——Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit your ſelf?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you———a Woman of ordinary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her ſomething or other, faith ———I know not what———Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe. [*Hums a Song.*

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we ſhould enquire.

Tatt. *Valentine*, I Supp'd laſt Night with your Miſtreſs, and her Uncle Old *Foreſight*: I think your Father lies at *Foreſight*'s.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my Soul *Angelica*'s a fine Woman——And ſo is Mrs. *Foreſight*, and her Siſter Mrs. *Frail*.

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

Tatt. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

Tatt. Who I? Upon Honour I don't know whether

ſhe be Man or Woman: but by the Smoothneſs of her Chin, and Roundneſs of her Hips.

Scan. No!

Tatt. No.

Scan. She ſays otherwiſe.

Tatt. Impoſſible!

Scan. Yes Faith. Ask *Valentine* elſe.

Tatt. Why then, as I hope to be ſav'd, I believe a Woman only obliges a Man to Secrecy, that ſhe may have the Pleaſure of telling her ſelf.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has ſhe done you Wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tatt. Tho' I have more Honour than to tell firſt, I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am ſtrangely ſurpriz'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if ſhe taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, ſhe ſees *Valentine* every Morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the Favour——I mean of a Viſit ſometimes. I did not think ſhe had granted more to any Body.

Scan. Nor I faith——But *Tattle* does not uſe to belye a Lady; it is contrary to his Character—How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine?*

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

Scan. I'm reſolv'd I'll aſk her.

Tatt. O barbarous! Why did you tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me aſk *Valentine?*

Val. What did I ſay? I hope you won't bring me to confeſs an Anſwer, when you never ask'd me the Queſtion?

Tatt.

Tatt. But, Gentlemen, this is the moſt inhuman Proceeding———

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid ſuch a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine time, whoſe Reputations are in your keeping.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] Jeremy.

Jere. SIR, Mrs. *Frail* has ſent to know if you are ſtirring.

Val. Shew her up when ſhe comes.

SCENE XIII.

Valentine, Scandal, Tattle.

Tatt. I'LL be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more Diſcretion, than to give *Scandal* ſuch an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be ſo ungenerous——O, I ſhall loſe my Reputation of Secrecy for ever—I ſhall never be receiv'd but upon publick Days; and my Viſits will never be admitted beyond a Drawing-Room. I ſhall never ſee a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock'd in a Cloſet, nor run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be diſtinguiſh'd among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Truſty Mr. *Tattle* more—You will not be ſo cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

Tatt. Any, any Terms.

Scan. Come then, ſacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me preſently—Come, where are you familiar?—And ſee that they are Women of Quality too, the firſt Quality———

Tatt. 'Tis very hard—Won't a Baronet's Lady paſs?

Scan. No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their Names.

Scan. No, their Titles ſhall ſerve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the ſame thing: Pray ſpare me their Titles; I'll deſcribe their Perſons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are ſo ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Perſon by your Picture of her, you muſt be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the Name at the Bottom.

Tatt. Well, firſt then———

SCENE XIV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Frail.

Tatt. O Unfortunate! ſhe's come already; will you have Patience 'till another time———I'll double the Number.

Scan. Well, on that Condition———Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. *Frail.* I ſhall get a fine Reputation, by coming to ſee Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is ſafe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tatt. Mum———O Madam, you do me too much Honour.

Fal. Well Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica*?

Mrs. *Frail.*

Mrs. *Frail*. *Angelica*? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an abſent Lover——

Mrs. *Frail*. No, I'll allow a Lover preſent with his Miſtreſs to be particular——But otherwiſe I think his Paſſion ought to give place to his Manners.

Val. But what if he has more Paſſion than Manners?

Mrs. *Frail*. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the Fury of his Paſſion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners.

Mrs. *Frail*. You are the moſt miſtaken in the World; there is no Creature perfectly civil, but a Huſband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is the higheſt good Breeding, for it begets his Civility to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I ſuppoſe you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Foreſight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country——I aſſure you, there's a Match talk'd of by the old People——Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beaſt, as ſhe is a Land-Monſter, we ſhall have a moſt amphibious Breed——The Progeny will be all Otters: He has been bred at Sea, and ſhe has never been out of the Country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their Conjunction bodes me no good, I'm ſure.

Mrs. *Frail*. Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Foreſight* has caſt both their Nativities, and Prognoſticates an Admiral and an eminent Juſtice of the Peace to be the Iſſue-Male of their two Bodies; 'tis the moſt ſuperſtitious old Fool! He would have perſuaded me, that this was an unlucky Day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and ſent him to *Artemidorus* for Interpretation, and ſo ſtole out to ſee you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I muſt have ſomething.

Val. Step into the next Room——and I'll give you ſomething.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you ſomething.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a Secret.

Mrs. *Frail.* I thought you would give me something, that would be a Trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good Name.

Mrs. *Frail.* That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle?*

Tatt. I? My Soul, Madam.

Mrs. *Frail.* Pooh, No I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these Mornings: I hear you have a great many Pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, some Originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cæsars*, paltry Copies; and the *Five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only Original you will see there.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ay, but I hear he has a Closet of Beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him Favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ay, let us see those, Mr. *Tattle.*

Tatt. Oh Madam, those are sacred to Love and Contemplation. No Man but the Painter and my self was ever blest with the Sight.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, but a Woman——

Tatt. Nor Woman, 'till she consented to have her Picture there too—for then she's oblig'd to keep the Secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you'd see Pictures.

Mrs. *Frail.* You?

Scan. Yes Faith, I can shew you your own Picture, and most of your Acquaintance to the Life, and as like as at *Kneller's.*

Mrs. *Frail.* O lying Creature——*Valentine*, does not he lye?——I can't believe a Word he says.

Val. No indeed, he speaks truth now: For as *Tattle* has

has Pictures of all that have granted him Favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him, if Satires, Deſcriptions, Characters, and Lampoons are Pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are moſt in black and white—And yet there are ſome ſet out in their true Colours, both Men and Women. I can ſhew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonneſs, Inconſtancy, Covetouſneſs, Diſſimulation, Malice and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can ſhow you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardiſe, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Uglineſs in another Piece; and yet one of theſe is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profeſſed Beau. I have Paintings too, ſome pleaſant enough.

Mrs. *Frail.* Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, Cupping for a Complexion, and Sweating for a Shape.

Mrs. *Frail.* So.

Scan. Then I have a Lady burning Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney-Coachman.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Devil! Well, but that Story is not true.

Scan. I have ſome Hieroglyphicks too; I have a Lawyer with a hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Divine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Soldier with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head ſhould be.

Mrs. *Frail.* And no Head?

Scan. No Head.

Mrs. *Frail.* Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne'er a Poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and ſelling Praiſe for Praiſe, and a Critick picking his Pocket. I have another large Piece too, repreſenting a School; where there are huge proportion'd Criticks, with long Wiggs, Lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Cat-calls in their Hands, and Horn-Books

about their Necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] Jeremy.

Jere. SIR, here's the Steward again from your Father.

Val. I'll come to him——will you give me Leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. *Frail.* No, I'll be gone. Come, who Squires me to the *Exchange?* I must call on my Sister *Foresight* there.

Scan. I will: I have a mind to your Sister.

Mrs. *Frail.* Civil!

Tatt. I will, because I have a Tendre for your Ladyship.

Mrs. *Frail.* That's somewhat the better Reason, to my Opinion.

Scan. Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better Opportunity to engage your Sister.

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard Conditions to come abroad, and be at Liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an Account of you, and your Proceedings. If Indiscretion be a Sign of Love, you are the most a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Estate, will help you to your Mistress—In my Mind he is a Thoughtless Adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase Wealth, by selling Land;
Or win a Mistress with a losing Hand.

The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's *House.*

Foresight *and* Servant.

FORESIGHT.

HEY day! What, are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her Fortitudes; Is my Niece *Angelica* at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lye, Sir.

Serv. Sir?

Fore. I say you lye, Sir. It is impossible that anything should be as I would have it; for I was born, Sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my Affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir; But I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] Nurſe.

Fore. NURSE, where's your young Miſtreſs?

Nurſe. Wee'ſt heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor Child, I warrant ſhe's fond o' ſeeing the Town———Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any Dinner——— Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O ſtrange; I'll vow and ſwear now, ha, ha, ha, marry and did you ever ſee the like!

Fore. Why how now, what's the Matter?

Nurſe. Pray Heav'n ſend your Worſhip good Luck, Marry and Amen with all my Heart, for you have put on one Stocking with the wrong ſide outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth, I'm glad of it, and I have, that may be good Luck in troth, in troth may, very good Luck: Nay I have had ſome Omens: I have got out of Bed backwards too this Morning, without Premeditation; pretty good that too; but then I ſtumbled coming down Stairs, and met a Weaſel; bad Omens thoſe: Some bad, ſome good, our Lives are chequer'd: Mirth and Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day make up our Time———But in troth I am pleas'd at my Stocking; very well pleas'd with my Stocking———Oh here's my Niece!—Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampſon Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at leiſure,———'tis now three a Clock, a very good Hour for Buſineſs, *Mercury* governs this Hour.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Angelica, Foresight, Nurse.

An. IS it not a good Hour for Pleasure too, Uncle? pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to day——It is of evil Portent, and bodes Mischief to the Master of a Family——I remember an old Prophesy written by *Messahalah* the *Arabian*, and thus translated by a Reverend *Buckinghamshire* Bard.

When House-wives all the House forsake
And leave good Man to Brew and Bake,
Withouten Guile, then be it said,
That House doth stond upon its Head;
And when the Head is set in Grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.

Fruitful, the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit of the Head is Horns——Dear Niece, stay at home—For by the Head of the House is meant the Husband; the Prophesy needs no Explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophesy is not in full Force.

Ang. But my Inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad, and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in Conjunction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my Aunt

is a little Retrograde (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Aſcendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert——and always ridiculing that celeſtial Science.

Ang. Nay Uncle, don't be angry——If you are, I'll reap up all your falſe Propheſies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll ſwear you are a Nuſance to the Neighbourhood——What a Buſtle did you keep againſt the laſt inviſible Eclipſe, laying in Proviſion as 'twere for a Siege? What a World of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tinder-boxes did you purchaſe! One would have thought we were ever after to live under Ground, or at leaſt making a Voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Seaſon.

Fore. Why you malapert Slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——Nay, I'll declare how you propheſy'd Popery was coming, only becauſe the Butler had miſlaid ſome of the Apoſtle Spoons, and thought they were loſt. Away went Religion and Spoon-meat together——Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a Wizard.

Fore. How, Huſſy! was there ever ſuch a provoking Minx?

Nurſe. O merciful Father, how ſhe talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnight Practices; you and the Old Nurſe there——

Nurſe. Marry Heav'n defend——I at Midnight Practices——O Lord, what's here to do?——I in unlawful Doings with my Maſter's Worſhip——Why did you ever hear the like now——Sir, did ever I do any thing of your Midnight Concerns——but warm your Bed, and tuck you up, and ſet the Candle and your Tobacco-Box, and your Urinal by you, and now and then rub the Soles of your Feet?——O Lord, I!

Ang.

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the Key-hole of the Closet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about a little Nutmeg-Grater, which she had forgot in the Caudle-Cup——Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it ——

Fore. I defy you, Hussy! but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you—— You have your Fortune in your own Hands——but I'll find a way to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spendthrift Galant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shall out then—— Look to't, Nurse: I can bring Witness that you have a great unnatural Teat under your left Arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young Devil in the Shape of a Tabby-Cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the false slanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Christian. [*Crying.*

Fore. I will have Patience, since it is the Will of the Stars I should be thus tormented——This is the Effect of the malicious Conjunctions and Oppositions in the third House of my Nativity; there the Curse of Kindred was foretold —— But I will have my Doors lock'd up——I'll punish you, not a Man shall enter my House.

Ang. Do Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt comes home——You'll have a Letter for Alimony to Morrow Morning——But let me be gone first, and then let no Mankind come near the House, but converse with Spirits and the Celestial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bless me! there are a great many horn'd Beasts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckolds go to Heav'n.

Fore. But there's but one Virgin among the Signs, Spitfire, but one Virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but Astrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? How? Is that the Reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good Niece——Come, you shall have my Coach and Horses——Faith and troth you shall——Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another——She is young and sanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to Society; she has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moist Palm, and an open Liberality on the Mount of *Venus*.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?——Well Gentlewoman, I'll——But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me——won't you speak? Odd I'll——

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] Servant.

Serv. SIR *Sampson* is coming down to wait upon you——

Ang. Good bu'y Uncle—Call mea Chair—I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, she must not come home.

Fore. I'm so perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the Hour be past: Go Nurse, tell Sir *Sampson* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. Well——Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be said——he's here already.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Foresight, *and Sir* Sampson Legend *with a Paper.*

Sir *Samp.* NOR no more to be done, old Boy, that's plain——hear 'tis, I have it in my Hand, Old *Ptolomee*; I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Nostrodamus*. What, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveness and Affection; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he dane'd till Doomsday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum*, *Sigillatum*, and *Deliberatum*; that as soon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be——hah! old *Merlin!* body o'me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

Fore. Odso, let me see: Let me see the Paper——Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold——I wish things were done, and the Conveyance made——When was this sign'd, what Hour? Odso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste——

Sir *Samp.* Haste, ay, ay; haste enough, my Son *Ben* will be in Town to Night——I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Jointure——All shall be done to Night——No matter for the time; prythee, Brother *Foresight*, leave Superstition——Pox o'th' time; there's no time but the time present, there's no more to be said of what's

what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun shines by Day, and the Stars by Night, why we shall know one another's Faces without the Help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

Fore. How, how? Sir *Sampson*, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir *Samp.* I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris*——Ignorant——I tell you, I have travell'd old *Circu*, and know the Globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun rises at Midnight and sets at Noon-Day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the Celestial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houses. Can judge of Motions Direct and Retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines*, and *Oppositions*, Fiery *Trigons* and Aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether Life shall be long or short, Happy or Unhappy, whether Diseases are Curable or Incurable. If Journeys shall be prosperous, Undertakings successful, or Goods stol'n recover'd, I know——

Sir *Samp.* I know the length of the Emperor of *China*'s Foot; have kiss'd the *Great Mogul*'s Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*,——Body o'me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the present Majesty of *Bantam* is the Issue of these Loins.

Fore. I know when Travellers lye or speak Truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir *Samp.* I have known an Astrologer made a Cuckold in the twinkling of a Star; and seen a Conjurer, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wife's Circle.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my Wife too? I must be better informed of this.——[*Aside.*]——Do you mean my Wife, Sir *Sampson*? Tho' you make a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the Body of the Sun——

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd say, Brother *Capricorn.*

Fore. *Capricorn* in your Teeth, thou Modern *Mandevil*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Lyar of the first Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance; send your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian Mummy*, ere she shall Incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a Defamer of Virtue.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I have gone too far;——— I must not provoke honest *Albumazer*,——— an *Egyptian* Mummy is an illustrious Creature, my trusty Hieroglyphick; and may have Significations of Futurity about him; Odsbud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a Jest, my goop *Haly*———I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my Heart.———What, I'll make thee a Present of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body me, I have a Shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphicks, thou shalt have it brought home to thy House, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and Students in Physick and Astrology in and about *London.*

Fore. But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampson?*

Sir *Samp.* Thy Wife is a Constellation of Virtues; she's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, she is more Illustrious than the Moon; for she has her Chastity without her Inconstancy, 'sbud I was but in jest.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] Jeremy.

Sir *Samp.* HOW now, who sent for you; Ah? What wou'd you have?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest——Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Physiognomy.

Sir *Samp.* My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin*, hoh?

Fore. No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my Master—'tis the first time he has been abroad since his Confinement, and he comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir *Samp.* Well, Sir.

SCENE VII.

Foresight, *Sir* Sampson, Valentine, Jeremy.

Fore. HE is here, Sir.

Val. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* You've had it already, Sir, I think I sent it you to Day in a Bill of Four thousand Pound. A great deal of Money, Brother *Foresight*.

Fore. Ay indeed, Sir *Sampson*, a great deal of Money for a young Man, I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir *Samp.* Body o' me, so do I.——Hark ye, *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the Superfluity; Doft hear, Boy?

Val.

Val. Superfluity, Sir, it will ſcarce pay my Debts,—I hope you will have more Indulgence, than to oblige me to thoſe hard Conditions, which my Neceſſity ſign'd to.

Sir *Samp.* Sir, how, I beſeech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence?

Val. Why, Sir, that you would not go to the extremity of the Conditions, but releaſe me at leaſt from ſome Part———

Sir *Samp.* Oh Sir, I underſtand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I preſume to aſk——But what you out of Fatherly Fondneſs, will be pleas'd to add, ſhall be doubly welcome.

Sir *Samp.* No doubt of it, ſweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my fatherly Fondneſs wou'd fit like two Tallies.—Here's a Rogue, Brother *Foreſight*, makes a Bargain under Hand and Seal in the Morning, and would be releas'd from it in the Afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conſcience and Honeſty; this is your Wit now, this is the Morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a——Why Sirrah, is it not here under Hand and Seal—Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.———

Sir *Samp.* Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I ſhall live to ſee you go up *Holborn-Hill*—Has he not a Rogue's Face?——Speak, Brother, you underſtand Phyſiognomy, a hanging Look to me——of all my Boys the moſt unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn*-Face, without the Benefit o'the Clergy.

Fore. Hum—truly I don't care to diſcourage a young Man,—he has a violent Death in his Face; but I hope no Danger of Hanging.

Val. Sir, is this Uſage for your Son?———for that old Weather-headed Fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir———

Sir *Samp.* You, Sir; and you, Sir:——Why, who are you, Sir?

Val.

Val. Your Son, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir *Samp.* What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o'me———

Val. I would have an Excuſe for your Barbarity and unnatural Uſage.

Sir *Samp.* Excuſe! Impudence! Why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I pleaſe? Are not you my Slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have choſen whether I would have begot you or no? 'Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to ſtand here, upon theſe two Legs, and look erect with that audacious Face, hah? Anſwer me that? Did you come a Volunteer into the World? Or did I, with the lawful Authority of a Parent, preſs you to the Service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I deſire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart: Come, uncaſe, ſtrip, and go naked out of the World, as you came into't.

Val. My Clothes are ſoon put off:——But you muſt alſo diveſt me of Reaſon, Thought, Paſſions, Inclinations, Affections, Appetites, Senſes, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, what a many headed Monſter have I propagated!

Val. I am of my ſelf a plain eaſy ſimple Creature, and to be kept at ſmall Expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are ſo many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have Employment.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* 'Oons, what had I to do to get Children,—can't a private Man be born without all theſe Followers? —Why nothing under an Emperor ſhould be born with Appetites,——Why at this rate a Fellow that has but a Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of a Ten Shilling Ordinary.

Jere. Nay that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make Oath of it before any Juſtice in *Middleſex*.

Sir *Samp.* Here's a Cormorant too,——'S'heart this Fellow was not born with you?—I did not beget him, did I?

Jere. By the Proviſion that's made for me, you might have begot me too:——Nay, and to tell your Worſhip another Truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with thoſe ſame Whoreſon Appetites too, that my Maſter ſpeaks of.

Sir *Samp.* Why look you there now,——I'll maintain it, that by the Rule of right Reaſon, this Fellow ought to have been born without a Palate.——'S'heart, what ſhould he do with a diſtinguiſhing Taſte?——I warrant now he'd rather eat a Pheaſant, than a Piece of poor *John*: and ſmell, now, why I warrant he can ſmell, and loves Perfumes above a Stink.——Why there's it; and Muſick, don't you love Muſick, Scoundrel?

Jere. Yes, I have a reaſonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances, and the like; I don't much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the Spleen.

Sir *Samp.* The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a Pox confound you——*Solo's* or *Sonata's*? 'Oons whoſe Son are you? How were you engendred, Muckworm?

Jere. I am by Father, the Son of a Chairman; my Mother ſold Oyſters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and I came up Stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

Jere. By your Looks, you ſhould go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* And if this Rogue was Anatomiz'd now, and diſſected, he has his Veſſels of Digeſtion and Concoction, and ſo forth, large enough for the inſide of a Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber.——These things are unaccountable and unreaſonable——Body o'me, why was not I a Bear, that my Cubs might have liv'd upon ſucking their Paws? Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own Hands; and t'other ſpins his Habitation out of his own Entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to ſupply all the Neceſſities of my Nature, if I had my Right of Inheritance.

Sir *Samp.* Again! 'Oons han't you four thouſand Pound——If I had it again, I would not give thee a Groat.——What, would'ſt thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals?——'S'heart, live by your Wits.——You were always fond of the Wits.——Now let's ſee, if you have Wit enough to keep your ſelf——Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to Morrow Morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and ſo your Friend and Servant.——Come, Brother *Foreſight*.

SCENE VIII.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Jer. I Told you what your Viſit wou'd come to.—

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected——I did not come to ſee him: I came to *Angelica*: But ſince ſhe was gone abroad, it was eaſily turn'd another way; and at leaſt look'd well on my ſide: what's here?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Foresight* and Mrs. *Frail*, they are earnest,——I'll avoid 'em,——Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Foresight, *and Mrs.* Frail.

Mrs. *Frail.* WHAT have you to do to watch me? 'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. *Fore.* You will?

Mrs. *Frail.* Yes marry will I——A great Piece of Business to go to *Covent-Garden Square* in a Hackney-Coach, and take a turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. *Fore.* Nay, two or three Turns, I'll take my Oath.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, what if I took twenty——I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation,——Lord, where's the Comfort of this Life, if we can't have the Happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. *Fore.* But can't you converse at home?——I own it, I think there's no Happiness like conversing with an agreeable Man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Conversation was very innocent; but the Place is publick, and to be seen with a Man in a Hackney-Coach is scandalous: What if any Body else shou'd have seen you alite, as I did?——How can any Body be happy, while they're in perpetual Fear of being seen and censur'd?——Besides it would not only reflect upon you, Sister, but me.

Mrs. *Frail.* Pooh, here's a Clutter——Why should it reflect upon you?——I don't doubt but you have thought your self happy in a Hackney-Coach before now.

———If I had gone to *Knightsbridge*, or to *Chelsea*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone—... ſomething might have been ſaid.

Mrs. *Fore*. Why, was I ever in any of thoſe Places? What do you mean, Sifter?

Mrs. *Frail*. Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. *Fore*. You have been at a worſe Place.

Mrs. *Frail*. I at a worſe Place, and with a Man!

Mrs. *Fore*. I ſuppoſe you would not go alone to the *World's End*.

Mrs. *Frail*. The *World's End!* What do you mean to banter me?

Mrs *Fore*. Poor Innocent! You don't know that there's a Place call'd the *World's End?* I'll ſwear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Mrs. *Frail*. I'll ſwear you have a great deal of Confidence, and in my Mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. *Fore*. Very well, that will appear who has moſt, you never were at the *World's End?*

Mrs. *Frail*. No.

Mrs. *Fore*. You deny it poſitively to my Face.

Mrs. *Frail*. Your Face, what's your Face?

Mrs. *Frail*. No matter for that, it's as good a Face as yours.

Mrs. *Frail*. Not by a Dozen Years wearing.—But I do deny it poſitively to your Face then.

Mrs. *Fore*. I'll allow you now to find fault with my Face;———for I'll ſwear your Impudence has put me out of Countenance:———But look you here now,———where did you loſe this Gold Bodkin?———Ah Sifter, Sifter!

Mrs. *Frail*. My Bodkin!

Mrs. *Fore*. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. *Frail*. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin?—O Sifter, Sifter!—Sifter every way.

Mrs. *Fore*.

Mrs. *Fore.* O Devil on't, that I could not discover [*Aside.*
her without betraying my self.

Mrs. *Frail.* I have heard Gentlemen say, Sister, that one shou'd take great Care, when one makes a Thrust in Fencing, not to lie open ones self.

Mrs. *Fore.* It's very true, Sister: Well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Mrs. *Frail.* With all my Heart, ours are but slight Flesh Wounds, and if we keep them from the Air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me your Hand in Token of Sisterly Secrecy and Affection.

Mrs. *Fore.* Here 'tis with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, as an Earnest of Friendship and Confidence, I'll acquaint you with a Design that I have: To tell Truth, and speak openly one to another: I'm afraid the World have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich Husband, and are provided for, I am at a Loss, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Sampson* has a Son that is expected to Night; and by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjurer. The Estate you know is to be made over to him: ——— Now if I could wheedle him, Sister, ha? You understand me?

Mrs. *Fore.* I do; and will help you to the utmost of my Power. ——— And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward Daughter-in-law, who you know is design'd to be his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that, and make her have an Aversion for the Booby, it may do a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

C SCENE

SCENE X.

[*To them*] Tattle *and Miſs* Prue.

Miſs. MOther, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs. *Fore.* Fy, fy, Miſs, how you Bawl ——Beſides, I have told you, you muſt not call me Mother.

Miſs. What muſt I call you then, are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. *Fore.* Madam; you muſt ſay Madam——By my Soul, I ſhall fancy my ſelf old indeed, to have this great Girl call me Mother——Well, but Miſs, what are you ſo over-joy'd at?

Miſs. Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me——Look you here Couſin, here's a Snuff-Box; nay, there's Snuff in't;——here, will you have any——Oh good! how ſweet it is ——Mr. *Tattle* is all over ſweet, his Peruke is ſweet, and his Gloves are ſweet,——and his Handkerchief is ſweet, pure ſweet, ſweeter than Roſes——Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean——He gave me this Ring for a Kiſs.

Tatt. O fy Miſs, you muſt not kiſs and tell.

Miſs. Yes; I may tell my Mother——And he ſays he'll give me ſomething to make me ſmell ſo——Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief—— Smell, Couſin; he ſays, he'll give me ſomething that will make my Smocks ſmell this way——Is not it pure?——It is better than Lavender mun——I'm ſure I won't let Nurſe put any more Lavender among my Smocks——ha, Couſin?

Mrs. *Frail*

Mrs. *Frail.* Fy, Miſs, amongſt your Linen, you muſt ſay——You muſt never ſay Smock.

Miſs. Why, it is not bawdy, is it Couſin?

Tatt. Oh Madam; you are too ſevere upon Miſs; you muſt not find fault with her pretty Simplicity, it becomes her ſtrangely——pretty Miſs, don't let 'em perſuade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. *Fore.* Oh, demm you Toad——I wiſh you don't perſuade her out of her Innocency.

Tatt. Who I, Madam!——Oh Lord, how can your Ladyſhip have ſuch a Thought——ſure you don't know me?

Mrs. *Frail.* Ah Devil, ſly Devil——He's as cloſe, Siſter, as a Confeſſor——He thinks we don't obſerve him.

Mrs. *Fore.* A cunning Cur, how ſoon he cou'd find out a freſh harmleſs Creature; and left us, Siſter, preſently.

Tatt. Upon Reputation.——

Mrs. *Fore.* They're all ſo, Siſter, theſe Men——they love to have the ſpoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being firſt in the Faſhion, or of ſeeing a new Play the firſt Day,—I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle*'s Heart, to think that any Body elſe ſhould be beforehand with him.

Tatt. Oh Lord, I ſwear I would not for the World——

Mrs. *Frail.* O hang you; who'll believe you?——You'd be hang'd before you'd confeſs——we know you——ſhe's very pretty!——Lord, what pure red and white!——ſhe looks ſo wholeſome;——ne'er ſtir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man——

Miſs. How you love to jeer one, Couſin.

Mrs. *Fore.* Hark'ee, Siſter,——by my Soul Girl is ſpoil'd already——d'ye think ſhe'll endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin——Ods!

I warrant you, ſhe won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle*.

Mrs. *Frail*. O my Soul, I'm afraid not——eh! ——filthy Creature, that ſmells all of Pitch and Tar——Devil take you, you conſounded Toad——why did you ſee her, before ſhe was married?

Mrs. *Fore*. Nay, why did we let him——my Huſband will hang us——He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs. *Frail*. Come, Faith let us be gone——If my Brother *Foreſight* ſhou'd find us with them;——He'd think ſo, ſure enough.

Mrs. *Fore*. So he wou'd——but then leaving 'em together is as bad——And he's ſuch a ſly Devil, he'll never miſs an Opportunity.

Mrs. *Frail*. I don't care; I won't be ſeen in't.

Mrs. *Fore*. Well, if you ſhou'd, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a World to anſwer for, remember I waſh my Hands of it, I'm throughly Innocent.

SCENE XI.

Tattle, *Miſs* Prue.

Miſs. WHAT makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my Dear——I think I can gueſs——But hang me if I know the Reaſon of it.

Miſs. Come, muſt not we go too?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miſs. No! What then? What ſhall you and I do together?

Tatt.

Tatt. I muſt make Love to you, pretty Miſs; will you let me make Love to you?

Miſs. Yes, if you pleaſe.

Tatt. Frank, I Gad, at leaſt. What a Pox does Mrs. *Foreſight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? or does ſhe leave us together out of good Morality, and do as ſhe would be done by——Gad I'll underſtand it ſo. [*Aſide.*

Miſs. Well; and how will you make Love to me—Come, I long to have you begin——muſt I make Love too? You muſt tell me how.

Tatt. You muſt let me ſpeak, Miſs, you muſt not ſpeak firſt; I muſt aſk you Queſtions, and you muſt anſwer.

Miſs. What, is it like the Catechiſm?——Come then aſk me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miſs. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, Pox, you muſt not ſay yes already; I ſhan't care a Farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miſs. What muſt I ſay then?

Tatt. Why you muſt ſay no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

Miſs. Why, muſt I tell a Lye then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred Perſons Lye——Beſides, you are a Woman, you muſt never ſpeak what you think; Your Words muſt contradict your Thoughts; but your Actions may contradict your Words. So, when I aſk you, if you can love me, you muſt ſay no, but you muſt love me too——If I tell you you are handſome, you muſt deny it, and ſay I flatter you——But you muſt think your ſelf more charming than I ſpeak you——And like me, for the Beauty which I ſay you have as much as if I had it my ſelf——If I aſk you

kiſs me, you muſt be angry, but you muſt not refuſe me. If I ask you for more, you muſt be more angry, ——but more complying; and as ſoon as ever I make you ſay you'll cry out, you muſt be ſure to hold your Tongue.

Miſs. O Lord, I ſwear this is pure,——I like it better than our old faſhion'd Country way of ſpeaking one's Mind;——and muſt not you lye too?

Tatt. Hum——Yes——But you muſt believe I ſpeak Truth.

Miſs. O *Gemini!* Well, I always had a great Mind to tell Lyes——but they frighted me, and ſaid it was a Sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty Creature; will you make me happy by giving me a Kiſs?

Miſs. No, Indeed; I'm angry at you.——

[*Runs and kiſſes him.*

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well——but you ſhould not have given it me, but have ſuffer'd me to have taken it.

Miſs. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my Heart——Now then my little Angel. [*Kiſſes her.*

Miſs. Piſh.

Tatt. That's right,—again my Charmer. [*Kiſſes again.*

Miſs. O ſy, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*,—And won't you ſhew me, pretty Miſs, where your bed Chamber is?

Miſs. No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide my ſelf from you behind the Curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miſs. Ah but I'll hold the Door with both Hands, and be angry;——and you ſhall puſh me down before you come in.——

Tatt.

Tatt. No, I'll come in firſt, and puſh you down afterwards.

Miſs. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miſs. Oh but you ſhan't, for I'll hold my Tongue—

Tatt. Oh my dear apt Scholar.

Miſs. Well, now I'll run and make more haſte than you.

Tatt. You ſhall not fly ſo faſt, as I'll purſue.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Nurſe alone.

NURSE.

MISS, Miſs, Miſs *Prue*—Mercy on me, marry and Amen. Why, what's become of the Child?—Why Miſs, Miſs *Foreſight*—Sure ſhe has lockt her ſelf up in her Chamber, and gone to ſleep, or to Prayers: Miſs, Miſs, I hear her—Come to your Father, Child: Open the Door——Open the Door, Miſs——I hear you cry huſht——O Lord, who's there? [*peeps.*] What's here to do?—O the Father! a Man with her!—Why, Miſs I ſay: God's my Life, here's fine doings towards——O Lord, we're all undone——O you young Harlotry. [*knock.*] Od's my Life, won't you open the Door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

Tattle, *Miſs* Prue.

Miſs. O Lord, ſhe's coming——and ſhe'll tell my Father, what ſhall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her; if ſhe had ſtaid two Minutes longer, I ſhou'd have wiſh'd for her coming.

Miſs. O Dear, what ſhall I ſay? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle*, tell me a Lye.

Tatt.

Tatt. There's no occaſion for a Lye, I could never tell a Lye to no purpoſe.——But ſince we have done nothing, we muſt ſay nothing, I think. I hear her——I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thruſts her in, and ſhuts the Door.*

SCENE III.

Tattle, Valentine, Scandal, Angelica.

Ang. YOU can't accuſe me of Inconſtancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuſe you of Uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You miſtake Indifference for Uncertainty; I never had Concern enough to ask my ſelf the Queſtion.

Scan. Nor Good-nature enough to anſwer him that did ask you: I'll ſay that for you, Madam.

Ang. What, are you ſetting up for Good-nature?

Scan. Only for the Affectation of it, as the Women do for Ill-nature.

Ang. Perſuade your Friend, that it is all Affectation.

Scan. I ſhall receive no Benefit from the Opinion; For I know no effectual Difference between continued Affectation and Reality.

Tatt. [*coming up.*] *Scandal*, are you in private Diſcourſe, any thing of Secrecy? [*Aſide to* Scandal.

Scan. Yes, but I dare truſt you; we were talking of *Angelica's* Love to *Valentine*; you won't ſpeak of it.

Tatt. No, no, not a Syllable——I know that's a Secret, for it's whiſper'd every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. What is, Mr. *Tattle?* I heard you ſay ſomething was whiſper'd every where.

Scan. Your Love of *Valentine*.

Ang. How!

Tatt. No, Madam, his Love for your Ladyſhip—Gad take me, I beg your Pardon—for I never heard a Word of your Ladyſhip's Paſſion, till this inſtant.

Ang. My Paſſion! And who told you of my Paſſion, Pray Sir?

Scan. Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a Secret?

Tatt. Gadſo; but I thought ſhe might have been truſted with her own Affairs.

Scan. Is that your Diſcretion? truſt a Woman with her ſelf?

Tatt. You ſay true, I beg your Pardon;——I'll bring all off—It was impoſſible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a Perſon of your Ladyſhip's Wit and Gallantry, could have ſo long receiv'd the paſſionate Addreſſes of the accompliſhed *Valentine*, and yet remain inſenſible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a juſt weight of his Merit, with your Ladyſhip's good Judgment, I form'd the Balance of a reciprocal Affection.

Val. O the Devil, what damn'd Coſtive Poet has given thee this Leſſon of Fuſtian to get by Rote?

Ang. I dare ſwear you wrong him, it is his own—— And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the Succeſs of others, from the Effects of his own Merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any thing in his Life.

Tatt. O Lord! yes indeed Madam, ſeveral times.

Ang. I ſwear I don't think 'tis poſſible.

Tatt. Yes, I vow and ſwear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the moſt unfortunate Man in the World, and the moſt cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tat. No, I hope not——'tis as much Ingratitude to own ſome Favours, as to conceal others.

Val. There, now it's out.

Ang. I don't underſtand you now. I thought you had never

never ask'd any thing, but what a Lady might modeſtly grant, and you confeſs.

Scan. So faith, your Buſineſs is done here; now you may go brag ſomewhere elſe.

Tatt. Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any Body?

Ang. No; I ſuppoſe that is not in your Power; but you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

Tatt. Not in my Power, Madam! What does your Ladyſhip mean, that I have no Woman's Reputation in my Power?

Scan. 'Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aſide.*

Tatt. Faith, Madam, you're in the right; no more I have, as I hop'd to be ſav'd; I never had it in my Power to ſay any thing to a Lady's Prejudice in my Life——— For as I was telling you, Madam, I have been the moſt unſucceſsful Creature living, in things of that Nature; and never had the good Fortune to be truſted once with a Lady's Secret, not once.

Ang. No.

Val. Not once, I dare anſwer for him.

Scan. And I'll anſwer for him; for I'm ſure if he had, he would have told me; I find, Madam, you don't know Mr. *Tattle.*

Tatt. No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all, I find. For ſure my intimate Friends wou'd have known——

Ang. Then it ſeems you would have told, if you had been truſted.

Tatt. O Pox, *Scandal*, that was too far put----Never have told Particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a third Perſon----or have introduced an Amour of my own, in Converſation, by way of Novel: But never have explain'd Particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the Reputation of Mr. *Tattle*'s Secrecy, if he was never truſted?

Scan. Why thence it ariſes---The thing is proverbially ſpoken; but may be apply'd to him----As if we ſhould

trusted, a Satirical Proverb upon our Sex——There's another upon yours——As She is chaste, who was never ask'd the Question. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil Proverbs, truly: 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more oblig'd to you. For you found her Virtue upon the Backwardness of the Men; and his Secrecy upon the Mistrust of the Women.

Tatt. Gad, it's very true, Madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit our selves——And for my part——But your Ladyship is to speak first——

Ang. Am I? Well, I freely confess I have resisted a great deal of Temptation.

Tatt. And I Gad; I have given some Temptation that has not been resisted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the Court, how fruitless he has found his Endeavours, and to confess all his Sollicitations and my Denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, Not guilty for you; and Guilty, for my self.

Scan. So, why this is fair, here's Demonstration with a Witness.

Tatt. Well, my Witnesses are not present——But I confess I have had Favours from Persons——But as the Favours are numberless, so the Persons are nameless.

Scan. Pooh, this proves nothing.

Tatt. No? I can shew Letters, Lockets, Pictures, and Rings; and if there be Occasion for Witnesses, I can summon the Maids at the Chocolate-Houses, all the Porters at *Pall-mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-keepers at the Play-House, the Drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontack's*, the *Rummer*, *Spring-Garden*; my own Landlady and *Valet de Chambre*; all who shall make Oath, that I receive more Letters than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Vizor-

Masks

Make to enquire for me, than ever were to see the Hermaphrodite, or the naked Prince. And it is notorious, that in a Country Church, once, an Enquiry being made, who I was, it was answer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruin'd so many Women.

Val. It was there, I suppose, you got the Nick-name of the *Great Turk*.

Tatt. True; I was call'd *Turk-Tattle* all over the Parish. ——The next *Sunday* all the old Women kept their Daughters at home, and the Parson had not half his Congregation. He would have brought me into the Spiritual Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handsom Daughter whom I initiated into the Science. But I repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in Town—— And a Lady of Quality that shall be nameless, in a raging Fit of Jealousy, came down in her Coach and Six Horses, and expos'd her self upon my Account; Gad I was sorry for it with all my Heart—You know whom I mean——You know where we raffled.——

Scan. Mum, *Tattle*.

Val. 'Sdeath, are not you asham'd?

Ang. O barbarous! I never heard so insolent a Piece of Vanity——Fy, Mr. *Tattle*——I'll swear I could not have believ'd it——Is this your Secrecy?

Tatt. Gad so, the Heat of my Story carried me beyond my Discretion; as the Heat of the Lady's Passion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation—But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for, there was a great many Ladies raffled——Pox on't, now could I bite off my Tongue.

Scan. No don't; for then you'll tell us no more——Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the Hint of my two Proverbs, and I see one in the next Room that will sing it. [*Goes to the Door.*

Tatt. For Heav'n's sake, if you do guess, say nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first Song in the last new Play.

SONG.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

I.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo *once pray'd,*
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaſte, or a Swain that was true.

II.

Apollo was mute, and had like t'have been poſ'd,
But ſagely at length he this Secret diſcloſ'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will Confide;
And the Nymph may be Chaſte that has never been try'd.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Sir* Sampſon, *Mrs.* Frail, *Miſs* Prue, *and Servant.*

Sir Samp. IS *Ben* come? Odſo, my Son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't, where is he? I long to ſee him. Now, Mrs. *Frail*, you ſhall ſee my Son *Ben*—Body o'me, he's the Hopes of my Family—I han't ſeen him theſe three Years——— I warrant he's grown——— Call him in, bid him make haſte—I'm ready to cry for Joy.

Mrs. *Frail*. Now Miſs you ſhall ſee your Huſband.

Miſs. Piſh, he ſhall be none of my Huſband.

[*Aſide to* Frail.

Mrs. *Frail*. Huſh: Well he ſhan't, leave that to me—I'll beckon Mr. *Tattle* to us.

Sir

Ang. Won't you ſtay and ſee your Brother?

Val. We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot ſhine in one Sphere; when he riſes I muſt ſet———Beſides, if I ſhou'd ſtay, I don't know but my Father in good Nature may preſs me to the immediate ſigning the Deed of Conveyance of my Eſtate; and I'll defer it as long as I can—Well, you'll come to a Reſolution.

Ang. I can't. Reſolution muſt come to me, or I ſhall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've ſomething in my Head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

Angelica, *Sir* Sampſon, Tattle, *Mrs.* Frail, *Miſs* Prue.

Sir *Samp.* WHAT is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he ſneak'd off, and would not ſee his Brother? There's an unnatural Whelp! there's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural Affection oblige him. Odſbud, Madam, have no more to ſay to him; he is not worth your Conſideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of generous Love about him: All Intereſt, all Intereſt; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Eſtate: Body o'me, he does not care a Doit for your Perſon.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampſon*; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it ſhould have been his Eſtate too: But ſince that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.

Sir *Samp.* Odſbud, well ſpoken; and you are a wiſer Woman than I thought you were: For moſt young Women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir *Sampſon*, I'm for a good Eſtate with any Man, and for any Man with a good Eſtate: Therefore, if I were oblig'd to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir *Samp.* Faith and Troth you're a wiſe Woman, and I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was ſorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mungrel; caſt him off; you ſhall ſee the Rogue ſhew himſelf, and make Love to ſome deſponding *Cadua* of fourſcore for Suſtenance. Odd, I love to ſee a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old Woman for Support, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to ſee 'em hug and cotten together, like Down upon a Thiſtle.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] Ben, Legend, *and Servant.*

Ben. WHERE's Father?

Serv. There, Sir, his Back's toward you.

Sir *Samp.* My Son *Ben!* Bleſs thee my dear Boy; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, Father, and I'm glad to ſee you.

Sir *Samp.* Odſbud, and I'm glad to ſee thee, kiſs me, Boy, kiſs me again and again, dear *Ben.* [*Kiſſes him.*

Ben. So, ſo, enough Father——Meſs, I'd rather kiſs theſe Gentlewomen.

Sir *Samp.* And ſo thou ſhalt——Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben.*

Ben. Forſooth if you pleaſe——[*Salutes her.*] Nay Miſtreſs, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; about Ship I faith——[*Kiſſes* Frail.] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-Boat——ſo——[*Kiſſes* Miſs *Tatt.*

Tait. Sir, you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, Friend.

Sir *Samp.* Thou hast been many a weary League *Ben*, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all——Well Father, and how do all do at home? How does Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val*?

Sir *Samp.* *Dick*, Body o'me, *Dick* has been dead these two Years; I writ you Word when you were at *Leghorne*.

Ben. Mess, that's true: Marry I had forgot. *Dick's* dead as you say——Well, and how? I have many Questions to ask you; well, you ben't marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir *Samp.* No, I intend you shall marry, *Ben*: I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?——an you marry again——Why then, I'll go to Sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all——Pray don't let me be your Hindrance; e'en marry a God's Name an the Wind sit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. *Frail.* That wou'd be pity, such a handsome young Gentleman.

Ben. Handsom! he, he, he, nay Forsooth, and you be for joking, I'll joke with you. For I love my Jest, as the Ship were sinking, as we say'n at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards Matrimony. I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land: I could never abide to be Port-bound, as we call it. Now a Man that is marry'd, has, as it were, d'ye see, his Feet in the Bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir *Samp.* *Ben's* a Wag.

Ben. A Man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another Man, than a Galley-Slave is like one of us

free Sailors, he is chain'd to an Oar all his Life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky Veſſel into the Bargain.

Sir *Samp.* A very Wag, *Ben*'s a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little poliſhing.

Mrs. *Frail.* Not at all; I like his Humour mightily, it's plain and honeſt, I ſhou'd like ſuch a Humour in a Huſband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you ſo Forſooth? Marry and I ſhou'd like ſuch a handſom Gentlewoman for a Bedfellow hugely; how ſay you, Miſtreſs, wou'd you like going to Sea? Meſs, you're a tight Veſſel, and well rigg'd, and you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. *Frail.* I ſhou'd not doubt that, if you were Maſter of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady——You mayn't carry ſo much Sail [illegible] your Head——Top and top gallant, by the [illegible]

Mrs. [illegible]. No, why ſo?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the riſk to be o[illegible], and then you'll carry your Keels above Water, [illegible].

[illegible] I ſwear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the verieſt Wag in [illegible] an abſolute Sea-Wit.

Sir *Samp.* Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before, they want a little Poliſhing: You muſt not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a Jeſt, I'll take a Jeſt: And ſo Forſooth you may be as free with me.

Arg. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended;—But methinks Sir *Sampſon*, you ſhou'd leave him alone with his Miſtreſs. Mr. *Tattle* we muſt not hinder Lovers.

Tatt. Well *Miſs*, I have your Promiſe. [*Aſide to* Miſs

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, Madam, you ſay true:—Look you, *Ben*, this is your Miſtreſs,—Come Miſs, you muſt not be [illegible]'d, we'll leave you together. *Miſs*

Miſs. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my Couſin ſtay with me?

Sir *Samp.* No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, Father, may-hap the young Woman may'nt take a liking to me.———

Sir *Samp.* I warrant thee, Boy, come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

SCENE VII.

Ben, *and Miſs* Prue.

Ben. COME Miſtreſs, will you pleaſe to ſit down? for an you ſtand a ſtern a that'n, we ſhall never grapple together,———Come, I'll haul a Chair; there, an you pleaſe to ſit, I'll ſit by you.

Miſs. You need not ſit ſo near one, if you have any thing to ſay, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you ſay, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,——I'll heave off to pleaſe you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a League aſunder, I'd undertake to hold Diſcourſe with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you, Forſooth, I am as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage d'ye ſee, that was none of my ſeeking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may ſteer into your Harbour. How ſay you, Miſtreſs? The ſhort of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to ſwing in a Hammock together.

Miſs. I don't know what to ſay to you, nor I don't care to ſpeak with you at all.

Ben.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.——But pray why are you so scornful?

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's Mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lye for the Matter.——

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a Folly to lye: For to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary Way, is as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches,——so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's Name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some Maidens tho' they love a Man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's Face: If that's the Case, why Silence gives Consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak Truth, tho' one should always tell a Lye to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your Answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.——As for your Love or your Liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End;——And may-hap I like you as little as you do me:——What I said was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you shou'd give such Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o' Nine Tails laid cross your Shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young Woman speak civilly to me, of her own Accord. Whatever you think of your self, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Cup and Bowl are to a Bowl of Punch.

Miſs. Well, and there's a handſom Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a ſweet Gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he ſees you ſpeak to me any more, he'll thraſh your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

Ben. What do you mean that fair-Weather Spark that was here juſt now? Will he thraſh my Jacket?—Let'n—let'n,——But an he comes near me, may-hap I may have giv'n a ſalt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean to leave me alone as I come home, with ſuch a dirty Dowdy?——Sea-Calf! I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheeſe-Curd you,——marry thee? Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* Witch as ſoon, and live upon ſelling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Veſſels.

Miſs. I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, ſo I won't,——If I were a Man——[*Cry.*]——you durſt not talk at this rate——No you durſt not, you ſtinking Tar Barrel.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Foreſight *and Mrs.* Frail.

Mrs. Fore. THEY have quarrel'd juſt as we could wiſh.

Ben. Tar-Barrel? Let your Sweet-Heart there call me ſo, if he'll take your Part, your *Tom Eſſence*, and I'll ſay ſomething to him; Gad I'll lace his Muſk-Doublet for him, I'll make him ſtink; he ſhall ſmell more like a Weaſel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. Fore. Bleſs me, what's the Matter, Miſs? What does ſhe cry?——Mr. *Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: The more she cries, the leſs she'll ——she has been gathering foul Weather in her Mouth, and now rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. *Fore.* Come, Miſs, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Mrs. *Frail.* Lord, what ſhall we do, there's my Brother *Foreſight*, and Sir *Sampſon* coming. Sifter, do you take Miſs down into the Parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they muſt not know that they are fallen out.——Come, Sir, will you venture your ſelf with me? [*Looking kindly on him.*

Ben. Venture, Meſs, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm.

SCENE IX.

Sir Sampſon *and* Foreſight.

Sir *Samp.* I Left 'em together here; what are they gone? *Ben*'s a briſk Boy: He has got her in a Corner, Father's own Son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mauſle her: The Rogue's ſharp ſet, coming from Sea: if he ſhould not ſtay for ſaving Grace, old *Foreſight*, but fall on without the help of a Parſon, ha? Odd if he ſhou'd, I cou'd not be angry with him: 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholick, old Prognoſtication; as melancholick as if thou hadſt ſpilt the Salt, or par'd thy Nails on a Sunday:—Come, chear up, look about thee: Look up old Star-Gazer. Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horſe-Nail, with the Head towards him. Foo. Sir *Sampſon*, we'll have the Wedding to Morrow morning.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart.

Fore. At ten a Clock, punctually at ten.

Sir *Samp.* To a Minute, to a Second; thou ſhalt ſet thy Watch, and the Bridegroom ſhall obſerve its Motions; they ſhall be marry'd to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute; and when the Alarm ſtrikes, they ſhall keep time like the Figures of St. *Dunſtan*'s Clock, and *Conſummatum eſt* ſhall ring all over the Pariſh———.

SCENE X.

[*To them*] Scandal.

Scan. SIR *Sampſon*, ſad News.

Fore. Bleſs us!

Sir *Samp.* Why, what's the Matter?

Scan. Can't you gueſs at what ought to afflict you and me, and all of us, more than any thing elſe?

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I don't know any Univerſal Grievance, but a new Tax, or the Loſs of the Canary Fleet. Unleſs Popery ſhould be landed in the *Weſt*, or the *French* Fleet were at Anchor at *Blackwall*.

Scan. No, Undoubtedly, Mr. *Foreſight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no Earthquake!

Scan. No, not yet; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to———

But it has had a Conſequence already that touches us all.

Sir *Samp.* Why, body o'me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine*——— He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill———He ſpeaks little, yet he ſays he has a World to ſay. Aſks for his Fa-

ther

ther and the wife *Foresight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghost of *Lilly*. He has Secrets to impart I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but Sighs. He desires he may see you in the Morning, but would not be disturb'd to Night, because he has some Business to do in a Dream.

Sir *Samp*. Hoity toity, what have I to do with his Dreams or his Divination——Body o'me, this is a Trick to defer signing the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he must not part with his Estate. But I'll bring him a Parson to tell him that the Devil's a Lyar——Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that shall out-lye the Devil. And so I'll try whether my Black-Guard or his shall get the better of the Day.

SCENE XI.

Scandal, Foresight.

Scan. ALAS, Mr. *Foresight*, I'm afraid all is not right——You are a Wise Man, and a Conscientious Man; a Searcher into Obscurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great deal of Consideration, and Discretion, and Caution——

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you. But Sir *Sampson* is hasty, very hasty!——I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*.——He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in this Affair with you——But my Mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and should not be over-reach'd; methinks you shou'd not——

Fore. Alas, Mr. *Scandal*, ——— *Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, Man will err; meer Man will err ——— but you are something more ——— There have been wise Men; but they were such as you ——— Men who consulted the Stars, and were Observers of Omens —— *Solomon* was wise, but how? —— by his Judgment in Astrology ——— So says *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter ———

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal* ———

Scan. A Trifler ——— but a Lover of Art ——— And the Wise Men of the *East* ow'd their Instruction to a Star, which is rightly observ'd by *Gregory* the Great in Favour of Astrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the most valuable Science, Because, says he, it teaches us to consider the Causation of Causes, in the Causes of things.

Fore. I protest I honour you, Mr. *Scandal* ——— I did not think you had been read in these matters —— Few Young Men are inclin'd ———

Scan. I thank my Stars that have inclined me ——— But I fear this Marriage and making over this Estate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. I prophesy it, and I would not have the Fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is disturb'd, and what can be the Cause of that? and Sir *Sampson* is hurry'd on by an unusual Violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous Nature.—But as to this Marriage, I have consulted the Stars, and all Appearances are prosperous ———

Scan. Come, come, Mr. *Foresight*, let not the Prospect of worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor against your Conscience ——— You are not satisfy'd that you act justly.

Fore. How!

Scan. You are not satisfy'd, I say ——— I also

look to discourage you——But it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal?* I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer your self to deceive your self; or you do not know yourself.

Fore. Pray explain your self.

Scan. Do you sleep well o'nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look so.

Fore. I am in Health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd just so.

Fore. How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! bless me.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Foresight.

Mrs. *Fore.* HUsband, will you go to Bed? It's ten a Clock, Mr. *Scandal*, your Servant.

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my Design—but I must work her into the Project. You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Foresight* is punctual, we sit up after him.

Fore. My Dear, pray lend me your Glass, your little Looking-glass.

Scan. Pray lend it him, Madam——I'll tell you the Reason [*She gives him the Glass.*] Scandal and

Sir. whisper.] My Passion for you is grown so violent—that I am no longer Master of my self———— I was interrupted in the Morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and I had hopes of finding an Opportunity of explaining my self to you—but was disappointed all this Day; and the Uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable Hour.————

Mrs. Fore. Was there ever such Impudence, to make Love to me before my Husband's Face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than disclaim my Passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an Opportunity of waiting upon you.

[*Whisper.*

[Foresight *looking in the Glass.*

Fore. I do not see any Revolution here;———Me-thinks I look with a serene and benign aspect———pale, a little pale———but the Roses of these Cheeks have been gather'd many Years;———ha! I do not like that sudden Flushing———Gone already!———hem, hem, hem! faintish. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my Pulses, ha!———I have none———Mercy on me———hum——Yes, here they are———Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me?———Now they're gone again———And now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my hem!———breath, hem!———grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan. It takes, pursue it in the Name of Love and Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. How do you do, Mr. *Foresight?*

Fore. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your Hand.

Scan. Look you there now——Your Lady says, your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. *Fore.* O mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so,——He has been subject to Talking and Starting.

Scan. And did not use to be so.

Mrs. *Fore.* Never, never; 'till within these three Nights; I cannot say, that he has once broken my Rest since we have been marry'd.

Fore. I will go to Bed.

Scan. Do so, Mr. *Foresight*, and say your Pray'rs——He looks better than he did.

Mrs. *Fore.* Nurse, Nurse!

Fore. Do you think so, Mr. *Scandal?*

Scan. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by Morning, taking it in time.——

Fore. I hope so.

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] Nurse.

Mrs. *Fore.* NURSE; your Master is not well; put him to Bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the Morning——you had best take a little Diacodion and Cowslip-Water, and lie upon your Back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, I will——Nurse, let me have a Watch-Light, and lay the Crums of Comfort by me.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. And——hem, hem! I'm very faint.

Scan. No, no, you look much better. *Fore.*

Fore. Do I? and d'ye hear,——bring me, let me see——within a Quarter of Twelve——hem——he, hem!——just upon the turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal;——And I hope neither the Lord of my Aſcendant, nor the Moon will be combuſt; and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope ſo——Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I ſhall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the ſixth Houſe.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that would be a great Comfort to me. Hem, hem! good Night.

SCENE XIV.

Scandal, *Mrs.* Foreſight.

Scan. GOOD Night, good Mr. *Foreſight*;——and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction;——while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well; and what uſe do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think that you are ever like to ſucceed in your Deſign upon me?

Scan. Yes, Faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and my ſelf, than to deſpair.

Mrs. *Fore.* Did you ever hear ſuch a Toad——hark'ye Devil; do you think any Woman honeſt?

Scan. Yes, ſeveral, very honeſt;——they'll cheat a little at Cards, ſometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. *Fore.* Pſhaw; but virtuous, I mean.

Scan. Yes, Faith, I believe ſome Women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe ſome Men are Valiant, thro' Fear.——For why ſhould a Man court Danger, or a Woman ſhun Pleaſure?

Mrs. *Fore.* O monſtrous! What are Conſcience and Honour?

Scan. Why, Honour is a publick Enemy; and Conſcience a Domeſtick Thief, and he that wou'd ſecure his Pleaſure, muſt pay a Tribute to one, and go halves with t'other. As for Honour, that you have ſecur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual Opportunity for Pleaſure.

Mrs. *Fore.* An Opportunity for Pleaſure!

Scan. Ay, your Huſband, a Huſband is an Opportunity for Pleaſure, ſo you have taken care of Honour, and 'tis the leaſt I can do to take care of Conſcience.

Mrs. *Fore.* And ſo you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes Faith, I think ſo; I love to ſpeak my Mind.

Mrs. *Fore.* Why then I'll ſpeak my Mind. Now as to this Affair between you and me. Here you muſt make love to me; why, I'll confeſs it does not diſpleaſe me. Your Perſon is well enough, and your Underſtanding is not amiſs.

Scan. I have no great Opinion of my ſelf; but I think, I'm neither deform'd nor a Fool.

Mrs. *Fore.* But you have a villainous Character; you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

Scan. Come, I know what you would ſay,——— you think it more dangerous to be ſeen in Converſation with me, than to allow ſome other Men the laſt Favour; you miſtake, the Liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that firſt cries out ſtop Thief, is often he that has ſtol'n the Treaſure. I am a Jugler, that act by Confederacy; and if you pleaſe, we'll put a Trick upon the World.

Mrs. *Fore.* Ay; but you are ſuch an univerſal Jugler, ——that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm ſound.

Mrs. *Fore.* O, fy———I'll ſwear you're impudent.

Scan.

Scan. I'll ſwear you're handſome.

Mrs. *Fore.* Piſh, you'd tell me ſo, tho' you did not think ſo.

Scan. And you'd think ſo, tho' I ſhould not tell you ſo. And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. *Fore.* O Lord who's here.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Frail *and* Ben.

Ben. MESS, I love to ſpeak my Mind——Father has nothing to do with me.——Nay, I can't ſay that neither; he has ſomething to do with me. But what does that ſignify? If ſo be, that I ben't minded to be ſteer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he ſhould ſtrive againſt Wind and Tide.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ay but, my Dear, we muſt keep it ſecret, 'till the Eſtate be ſettled; for you know marrying without an Eſtate, is like ſailing in a Ship without Ballaſt.

Ben. He, he, he; why that's true; juſt ſo for all the World it is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. *Frail.* And tho' I have a good Portion, you know one wou'd not venture all in one Bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for may-hap one Bottom may ſpring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Meſs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, but if you ſhou'd forſake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

Ben. Break your Heart; I'd rather the *Mary-gold* ſhould break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. Fiſh, you don't think I'm falſe-hearted, like a Land

Man. A Sailor will be honeſt, tho' may-hap he has never a Penny of Mony in his Pocket——May-hap I may not have ſo fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as ſound as a Biſket.

Mrs. *Frail.* And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll ſtick like Pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll ſing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. *Frail.* Hold, there's my Siſter, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well; I won't go to Bed to my Huſband to Night; becauſe I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have ſaid.

Scan. Well; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your Chamber-Door; and leave you my laſt Inſtructions?

Mrs. *Fore.* Hold, here's my Siſter coming towards us.

Mrs. *Frail.* If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

Ben. The Song was made upon one of our Ship's Crew's Wife; our Boatſwain made the Song, may-hap you may know her, Sir. Before ſhe was marry'd, ſhe was call'd Buxom *Joan* of *Deptford.*

Scan. I have heard of her. [Ben. *ſings.*

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A *Soldier and a Sailor,*
A Tinker, and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful Striſe, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was Buxom Joan.

For

For now the Time was ended,
When she no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lye o' Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir.
That he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Tailor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his Measure.
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he could mend her Kettle,
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor slily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they should all fall out, Sir;
He then might play his Part.
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
That won this fair Maid's Heart.

Ben. If some of our Crew that came to see me, are not gone; you shall see, that we Sailors can dance sometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whistles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Sailors.

Oh here they be——— and Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one. [*Dances.*

Ben. We're merry Folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Biſket, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter——Come home, and lie with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Mony; and then put off with the next fair Wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. *Frail.* O'you are the happieſt, and merrieſt Men alive.

Mrs. *Fore.* We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment. I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forſooth, an you think ſo, you had beſt go to Bed. For my Part, I mean to toſs a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Scandal*, you had beſt go to Bed and dream too.

Scan. Why Faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can dream as much to the Purpoſe as another, if I ſet about it: But dreaming is the poor Retreat of a lazy, hopeleſs, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the laſt Glimpſe of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a Bliſs to wiſhing Girls, and growing Boys.

There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make Bleſt the Ripen'd Maid and finiſh'd Man.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Valentine's *Lodging.*

Scandal *and* Jeremy.

SCANDAL.

WELL, is your Maſter ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jere. Yes Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was ſo near turning Poet yeſterday Morning, can't be much to ſeek in playing the Madman to day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reaſon of his Deſign?

Jere. No, Sir, not yet;——He has a Mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at leaſt own that ſhe has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I ſaw her take Coach juſt now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coachman drive hither.

Jere. Like enough, Sir, for I told her Maid this Morning, my Maſter was run ſtark mad only for Love of her Miſtreſs; I hear a Coach ſtop; if it ſhould be ſhe, Sir, I believe he wou'd not ſee her, 'till he hears how ſhe takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her——'tis ſhe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] Angelica *with* Jenny.

Ang. MR. *Scandal*, I ſuppoſe you don't think it a Novelty, to ſee a Woman viſit a Man at his own Lodgings in a Morning?

Scan. Not upon a kind Occaſion, Madam. But when a Lady comes tyrannically to inſult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifeſt the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the Barbarity of it ſomething ſurprizes me.

Ang. I don't like Raillery from a ſerious Face—pray tell me what is the Matter?

Jere. No ſtrange Matter, Madam; my Maſter's mad, that's all: I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip has thought him ſo a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits, juſt as he was poor for want of Money; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets; and any Body that has a mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Eſtate.

Ang. If you ſpeak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unſeaſonable.——

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of ſo much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I muſt own my ſelf oblig'd to——pray tell me Truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wiſh telling a Lye would mend the Matter. But this is no new Effect of an unſucceſsful Paſſion.

As

Ang. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think——Yet I ſhould be vext to have a Trick put upon me——May I not ſee him?

Scan. I'm afraid the Phyſician is not willing you ſhou'd ſee him yet——*Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

SCENE III.

Scandal, Angelica, Jenny.

Ang. HA! I ſaw him wink and ſmile——I fancy 'tis a Trick——I'll try——I would diſguiſe to all the World a Failing, which I muſt own to you——I fear my Happineſs depends upon the Recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compaſſion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for——I cannot ſpeak——But you may tell me, tell me, for you know what I would aſk?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain——Be not too much concern'd, Madam; I hope his Condition is not deſperate: An Acknowledgment of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure; as the Fear of your Averſion occaſion'd his Diſtemper.

Ang. [*Aside.*] Say you ſo; nay then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taſte the Pleaſure of Revenge——Acknowledgment of Love! I find you have miſtaken my Compaſſion, and think me guilty of a Weakneſs I am a Stranger to. But I have too much Sincerity to deceive you, and too much Charity to ſuffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes. Good-nature and Humanity oblig'd me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my Power nor Inclination; and

if

if he can't be cur'd without I ſuck the Poiſon from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senſes 'till I loſe mine.

Scan. Hey, brave Woman, I faith——Won't you ſee him then, if he deſire it?

Ang. What ſignify a Madman's Deſires? Beſides, 'twou'd make me uneaſy——If I don't ſee him, perhaps my Concern for him may leſſen——If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himſelf; and now the Surprize is over, methinks I am not half ſo ſorry as I was——.

Scan. So, faith Good-nature works apace; you were confeſſing juſt now an Obligation to his Love.

Ang. But I have conſider'd that Paſſions are unreaſonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it, and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help my want of Inclination to ſtay longer here——Come, *Jeuny.*

SCENE IV.

Scandal, Jeremy.

Scan. HUMH!——An admirable Compoſition, Faith, this ſame Womankind.

Jere. What, is ſhe gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why ſhe was never here, nor any where elſe; nor I don't know her if I ſee her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Maſter longs to ſee her; and is almoſt mad in good earneſt, with the joyful News of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a Miſtake—Aſk no Queſtions, for

for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your Master. In the mean time, if our Project succeed no better with his Father, than it does with his Mistress, he may descend from his Exaltation of Madness into the Road of common Sense, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reasonable People. I hear Sir *Sampson*. You know your Cue; I'll to your Master.

SCENE V.

Jeremy, *Sir* Sampson, Legend, *with a* Lawyer.

Sir *Samp.* D'YE see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the Paper sign'd with his own Hand.

Buck. Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this Box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir *Samp.* Ready, Body o'me, he must be ready: His Sham-Sickness shan't excuse him——O, here's his Scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Master?

Jere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir *Samp.* Gone! What, he is not dead?

Jere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir *Samp.* What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? speak, Varlet.

Jere. No, no, Sir, he's safe enough, Sir, an he were but as sound, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Hey day, Rascal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me?——Speak, Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Jere. Wou'd you cou'd, Sir; for he has lost himself. Indeed, Sir, I have almost broke my Heart about him—I can't refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir; I'm as melancholy for him as a Passing-Bell, Sir; or a Horse in a Pound.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* A Pox confound your Similitudes, Sir—— Speak to be understood, and tell me in plain Terms what the Matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fool's Scull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the Matter with him, Sir; his Skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's stark Mad, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos?*

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

Buck. Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampson*, if he be *Non Compos mentis*, his Act and Deed will be of no Effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir *Samp.* 'Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, Sir——Mad, I'll make him find his Senses.

Jere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door. [*Goes to the Scene, which opens.*

SCENE VI.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy, *and* Lawyer.

(Valentine *upon a Couch disorderly dress'd.*)

Sir *Samp.* HOW now, what's here to do?

Val. Ha! Who's that? [*Starting.*

Scan. For Heav'ns sake softly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir *Samp.* Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently——*Val*, *Val*, dost thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val?* I am thy own Father, and this is honest *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

Val. It may be so——I did not know you——the World is full——There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the

Sun ſhines upon all alike——There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers——'tis ſtrange! But I am Truth, and come to give the World a Lye.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I know not what to ſay to him.

Val. Why does that Lawyer wear black?——does he carry his Conſcience without-ſide?——Lawyer, what art thou? Doſt thou know me?

Buck. O Lord, what muſt I ſay?——Yes, Sir.

Val. Thou lyeſt, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelihood amongſt you. I have been ſworn out of *Weſtminſter-Hall* the firſt Day of every Term——Let me ſee——No matter how long——But I'll tell you one thing; it's a Queſtion that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you ſhould ask him, whether the Bible ſaves more Souls in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, or damns more in *Weſtminſter-Hall*: For my part, I am Truth, and can't tell, I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, he talks ſenſibly in his Madneſs——Has he no Intervals?

Jere. Very ſhort, Sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no Service while he's in this Condition: Here's your Paper, Sir.——He may do me a Miſchief if I ſtay——The Conveyance is ready, Sir. If he recover his Senſes.

SCENE VI.

Sir Sampſon, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Sir *Samp.* HOLD, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, Sir, and ſend for him if there be Occaſion; for I fancy his Preſence provokes him more.

Val.

Val. Is the Lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears——— heigh ho! What a Clock is't? My Father here! Your Bleſſing, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* He recovers——bleſs thee, *Val.*——How doſt thou do, Boy?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well———I have been a little out of Order; won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* Ay, Boy,———Come, thou ſhalt ſit down by me.

Val. 'Tis my Duty to wait.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, come, come, ſit thee down, honeſt *Val:* How doſt thou do? let me feel thy Pulſe——Oh, pretty well now, *Val:* Body o'me, I was ſorry to ſee thee indiſpoſed: But I'm glad thou art better, honeſt *Val.*

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle! the Monſter grows loving. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Samp.* Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val:* It does not ſhake—I believe thou canſt write, *Val:* Ha, Boy? thou canſt write thy Name, *Val.*——*Jeremy*, ſtep and overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haſte back with the Conveyance—quick—quick. [*In Whiſper to* Jeremy.

SCENE VIII.

Sir Sampſon, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. THAT ever I ſhou'd ſuſpect ſuch a Heathen of any Remorſe! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Samp.* Doſt thou know this Paper, *Val?* I know thou'rt honeſt, and wilt perform Articles.

[*Shows him the Paper, but holds it out of his Reach.*

Val.

Val. Pray let me see it, Sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir *Samp.* See it, Boy? Ay, ay, why thou dost see it——'tis thine own Hand, *Val.* Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads.*] *The Condition of this Obligation*——Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at the Bottom—*In witness my Hand*, VALENTINE LEGEND, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Nose in one's Face: What, are my Eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet——let me see.

[*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* Let thee hold it, say'st thou——Ay, with all my Heart——What matter is it who holds it? What need any Body hold it?——I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val.* and then no body need hold it. [*Puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There *Val.*: it's safe enough, Boy——But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val.*

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] Jeremy *with* Buckram.

Val. WHAT, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm; and he's come to be scratch'd——My Nails are not long enough——Let me have a Pair of Red-hot Tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act St. *Dunstan*, and lead the Devil by the Nose.

Buck. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture my self with a Madman.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Sir Sampſon, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Val. HA, ha, ha; you need not run ſo faſt, Honeſty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *Forma pauperis* preſently.

Sir *Samp.* 'Oons! What a Vexation is here! I know not what to do, or ſay, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way?——I am Truth, and can ſet him right——Harkee, Friend, the ſtraight Road is the worſt way you can go——He that follows his Noſe always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum eſt.* But what are you for? Religion or Politicks? There's a couple of Topicks for you, no more like one another than Oil and Vinegar; and yet theſe two beaten together by a State-Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir *Samp.* What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

Val. Becauſe thou wert a Monſter, old Boy: The two greateſt Monſters in the World, are a Man and a Woman? What's thy Opinion?

Sir *Samp.* Why, my Opinion is, that thoſe Monſters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

Val. Ah! Old True-penny, ſay'ſt thou ſo: thou haſt cack'd it——But it's wonderful ſtrange, *Jeremy.*

Jere. What is, Sir?

Val. That gray Heirs ſhou'd cover a green Head——and I make a Fool of my Father. What's here? *Ezra Patre*: or a bearded Sibyl? If Prophecy comes Truth, make give place.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Sir Sampſon, Scandal, Foreſight, *Mrs.* Foreſight *Mrs.* Frail.

Fore. WHAT ſays he? What, did he propheſy? Ha, Sir *Sampſon*, bleſs us! How are we?

Sir *Samp.* Are we? A Pox o'your Prognoſtication---- Why, we are Fools as we uſe to be----Oons, that you cou'd not foreſee, that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad----Where's your Oppoſitions, your Trines, and your Quadrates-----What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolomy* tell you? Your *Meſſahalah* and your *Longomontanus*, your Harmony of Chiromancy with Aſtrology. Ah! pox on't, that I that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and traſh, ſhou'd be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Buſineſs in Expectation of a lucky Hour. When, Body o'me, there never was a lucky Hour after the firſt Opportunity.

SCENE XII.

Scandal, Foreſight, *Mrs.* Foreſight, *Mrs.* Frail.

Fore. AH, Sir *Sampſon*, Heav'n help your Head---- This is none of your lucky Hour; *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit*. What is he gone, and in contempt of Science? Ill Stars, and unconvertible Ignorance attend him.

Scan-

Scan. You muſt excuſe his Paſſion, Mr. *Foreſight*; for he has been heartily vex'd——His Son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law; ſo that all his Meaſures are diſappointed.

Fore. Ha! ſay you ſo?

Mrs. *Frail.* What has my Sea-Lover loſt his Anchor of Hope then? [*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſight.

Mrs. *Fore.* Oh Siſter, what will you do with him?

Mrs. *Frail.* Do with him, ſend him to Sea again in the next foul Weather——He's us'd to an inconſtant Element, and won't be ſurpriz'd to ſee the Tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I miſtaken, not to foreſee this? [*Conſiders.*

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him ſomething elſe, that he did not foreſee, and more particularly relating to his own Fortune. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſight.

Mrs. *Fore.* What do you mean? I don't underſtand you.

Scan. Huſh, ſoftly——the Pleaſures of laſt Night, my Dear, too conſiderable to be forgot ſo ſoon.

Mrs. *Fore.* Laſt Night! and what would your Impudence infer from laſt Night? laſt Night was like the Night before, I think.

Scan. 'S death, do you make no difference between me and your Huſband?

Mrs. *Fore.* Not much,——he's ſuperſtitious; and you are mad in my Opinion.

Scan. You make me mad——You are not ſerious——Pray recollect your ſelf.

Mrs. *Fore.* O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent,——and would have come to Bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. *Fore.* Did not! With what Face can you aſk the Queſtion?

Scan. This I have heard before, but never believed. I have been told, ſhe had that abominable Quality of forget-

ting

ting to a Man's Face in the Morning, that she had lain with him all Night, and denying that she had done Favours with more Impudence, than she cou'd grant 'em ——Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honour you.——You look pretty well, Mr. *Foresight*.——How did you rest last Night?

Fore. Truly Mr. *Scandal*, I was so taken up with broken Dreams, and distracted Visions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting Night.——But would you not talk with *Valentine?* perhaps you may understand him; I'm apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his Discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good Judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly,——I am inclining to your *Turkish* Opinion in this Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. *Frail.* Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his Discharge, and come to you. O'my Conscience here he comes.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Frail, Ben.

Ben. ALL mad, I think——Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the Sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. *Frail.* Mr. *Benjamin* in Choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you,——Mess: I have had such a Hurricane upon your Account yonder.——

Mrs. *Frail.* My Account, pray what's the Matter?

Ben.

Ben. Why, Father came and found me squabling with your chitty-fac'd thing; as he would have me marry,—so he ask'd what was the Matter.——He ask'd in a surly sort of a way——(It seems Brother *Val.* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a Passion; but what did I know that, what's that to me?)——So he ask'd in a surly sort of manner,——and Gad I answer'd 'en as surlily, What tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en——so faith I told'n in plain Terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please my self, not him: And for the young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-Pies, than to look after a Husband; for my part I was none of her Man.——I had another Voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. *Frail.* So then? you intend to go to Sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my Mind run upon you,——but I wou'd not tell him so much——So he said he'd make my Heart ake; and if so be that he cou'd get a Woman to his Mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the Fool and marry at these Years, there's more Danger of your Head's aking, than my Heart.—He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe.——He hadn't a Word to say, and so I left'n, and the green Girl together; may-hap the Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Frail.* And were you this undutiful and graceless Wretch to your Father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first,——If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not get my self.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Impiety! How have I been mistaken! What an inhuman graceless Creature have I set my Heart upon? O I am happy to have discover'd the Shelves and Quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling Face.

Ben. Hoy toss! What's the Matter now? Why you an't angry, be you?

Mrs. *Frail.*

Mrs. *Frail.* O ſee me no more,——for thou wert born amongſt Rocks, ſuckl'd by Whales, cradled in a Tempeſt, and whiſtled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with Fins and Scales, and three Rows of Teeth, a moſt outragious Fiſh of Prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, ſhe's mad, poor young Woman, Love has overturn'd her Senſes, her Brain is quite overſet. Well-a-day, how ſhall I do to ſet her to rights?

Mrs. *Frail.* No, no, I am not mad, Monſter, I am wiſe enough to find you out.——Hadſt thou the Impudence to aſpire at being a Huſband with that ſtubborn and diſobedient Temper?——You that know not how to ſubmit to a Father, preſume to have a ſufficient Stock of Duty to undergo a Wife? I ſhould have been finely ſobb'd indeed, very finely ſobb'd.

Ben. Harkee Forſooth; if ſo be that you are in your right Senſes, d'ye ſee; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely ſobb'd,——if I have got Anger here upon your Account, and you are tack'd about already.——What d'ye mean, after all your fair Speeches, and ſtroaking my Cheeks, and kiſſing and hugging, what wou'd you ſheer off ſo? Wou'd you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. *Frail.* No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you falſe-hearted then?

Mrs. *Frail.* Only the Wind's chang'd.

Ben. More ſhame for you,——the Wind's chang'd?——It's an ill Wind blows no Body good,——may-hap I have a good riddance on you, if theſe be your Tricks——what did you mean all this while, to make a Fool of me?

Mrs. *Frail.* Any Fool, but a Huſband.

Ben. Huſband! Gad I would not be your Huſband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your Mind, tho'f you had your Weight in Gold and Jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never ſo well.

Mrs. *Frail.* Why, can't thou love, *Perpuſſe?*

Ben. No matter, what I can do; don't call Names, ——I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did,——I'm glad you shew your self, Mistress:—— Let them marry you, as don't know you:—Gad I know you too well, by sad Experience; I believe he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigat——I believe that, young Woman——and may-hap may come to an Anchor at *Cuckold's-Point*; so there's a Dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't,——*My true Love is gone to Sea.*—— [*Sings.*

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Frail, *Mrs.* Foresight.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Sister, had you come a Minute sooner, you would have seen the Resolution of a Lover,—Honest *Tarr* and I are parted;—and with the same Indifference that we met;——O' my Life I am half vex'd at the Insensibility of a Brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. *Fore.* What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. *Frail.* Most Tyrannically,——for you see he has got the start of me; and I the poor forsaken Maid am left complaining on the Shore. But I'll tell you a Hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enraged, and talks desperately of committing Matrimony himself.—If he has a Mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. *Fore.* O hang him old Fox, he's too cunning, besides he hates both you and me. —But I have a Project in my Head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a Bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine*'s Man, to sell his Master to us.

Mrs. *Frail.*

Mrs. *Frail.* Sell him, how?

Mrs. *Fore.* *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he impoſes on him.——Now I have promiſed him Mountains; if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her ſtead, and get you marry'd together, and put to Bed together; and after Conſummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he ſhou'd recover his Senſes, he'll be glad at leaſt to make you a good Settlement——Here they come, ſtand aſide a little, and tell me how you like the Deſign.

SCENE XV.

Mrs. Foreſight, *Mrs.* Frail, Valentine, Scandal, Foreſight *and* Jeremy.

Scan. AND have you given your Maſter a hint of their Plot upon him? [*To Jere.*

Jere. Yes, Sir; he ſays he'll favour it, and miſtake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us ſport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Huſht——Interrupt me not——I'll whiſper Prediction to thee, and thou ſhalt Propheſy;——I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick.—I have told thee what's paſt,——Now I'll tell what's to come;—Doſt thou know what will happen to Morrow?—Anſwer me not——for I will tell thee. To Morrow, Knaves will thrive through Craft, and Fools thro' Fortune, and Honeſty will go as it did, Froſt-nipt in a ſummer Suit. Aſk me Queſtions concerning to Morrow.

Scan. Aſk him, Mr. *Foreſight*.

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. Scandal will tell you;——I am Truth, I never come there.

Fore. In the City?

Val. Oh, Prayers will be ſaid in empty Churches, at the uſual Hours. Yet you will ſee ſuch zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be ſold in every Shop. Oh things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will ſtrike twelve at Noon, and the horn'd Herd buz in the Exchange at Two. Wives and Huſbands will drive diſtinct Trades, and Care and Pleaſure ſeparately occupy the Family. Coffee-Houſes will be full of Smoke and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that ſweeps his Maſter's Shop in the Morning, may ten to one dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two things that you will ſee very ſtrange; which are wanton Wives, with their Legs at Liberty, and tame Cuckolds, with Chains about their Necks. But hold, I muſt examine you before I go further; you look ſuſpiciouſly. Are you a Huſband?

Fore. I'm married.

Val. Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Pariſh?

Fore. No; St. *Martin*'s in the Fields.

Val. Alas! poor Man; his Eyes are ſunk, and his Hands ſhrivel'd: his Legs dwindled, and his Back bow'd. pray, pray, for a Metamorphoſis——Change thy Shape, and ſhake off Age; get thee *Medea*'s Kettle, and be boil'd anew; come forth with lab'ring Callous Hands, Chine of Steel, and *Atlas*' Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedeſtals to ſtand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the Face. Ha, ha, ha! that a Man ſhou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pigeons ought rather to be laid to his Feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His Frenzy is very high now, Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. I believe it is a Spring Tide.

Fore. Very likely truly; you underſtand theſe M

ters——Mr. *Scandal*, I ſhall be very glad to confer with you about theſe things which he has utter'd.—His ſayings are very Myſterious and Hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be abſent from my Eyes ſo long?

Jere. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. *Fore.* Now, Siſter.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Lord, what muſt I ſay?

Scan. Humour him, Madam, by all means.

Val. Where is ſhe? Oh I ſee her-----ſhe comes, like Riches, Health and Liberty at once, to a deſpairing, ſtarving, and abandon'd Wretch, Oh welcome, welcome.

Mrs. *Frail.* How d'ye, Sir? Can I ſerve you?

Val. Harkee;——I have a Secret to tell you ——*Endymion* and the Moon ſhall meet us upon Mount *Latmos*, and we'll be married in the dead of Night--But ſay not a Word. *Hymen* ſhall put his Torch into a dark Lanthorn, that it may be ſecret; and *Juno* ſhall give her *Peacock* Poppy-Water that he may fold his ogling Tail, and *Argus*'s hundred Eyes be ſhut, ha? Nobody ſhall know, but *Jeremy*.

Mrs. *Frail.* No, no, we'll keep it ſecret, it ſhall be done preſently.

Val. The ſooner the better--*Jeremy*, come hither--cloſer---that none may over-hear us;----*Jeremy*, I can tell you News; *Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Friar, and yet we'll marry one another in ſpite of the Pope.---Get me a Coul and Beads, that I may play my part.——For ſhe'll meet me two Hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't ſee one another's Faces, 'till we have done ſomething to be aſham'd of; and then we'll blush once for all.

——

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] Tattle *and* Angelica.

Jere. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make Love to me, you spoil my Design, for I intend to make you my Confident.

Tatt. But, Madam, to throw away your Person, such a Person! and such a Fortune on a Madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him till he was mad; but don't tell any Body so.

Scan. How's this! *Tattle* making Love to *Angelica!*

Tatt. Tell, Madam; alas you don't know me——— I have much ado to tell your Ladyship how long I have been in Love with you—but encourag'd by the Impossibility of *Valentine*'s making any more Addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost Passion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you see the Ruins of a poor decay'd Creature——— Here a compleat and lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senses in perfection, Madam, and to all this, the most passionate Lover———

Ang. O fy for shame, hold your Tongue. A passionate Lover, and five Senses in perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Trail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all. [*To Jeremy.*

Jere. No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he should, I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think——— [*Exit away all the*

the Company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my Design to her. [*Whisper.*

Scan. I will——I have discover'd something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with Mrs. *Frail*. He courts *Angelica*; if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark'ee—— [*Whisper.*

Mrs. *Fore.* He won't know you, Cousin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body,——Oh Niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. *Foresight*, it is not my way to make many Words of Matters, and so I shan't say much.——But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that Knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle*——Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my Face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart; and safer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Limon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no Blab, Sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about.——They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so my self. [*To* Scandal.] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Truth, and hate an old Acquaintance with a new Face.

[Scandal *goes aside with* Jeremy.

Tatt. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle*, your Friend.

Val. My Friend, what to do? I am no married Man, and thou canst not lie with my Wife: I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow Money of me: Then what Employment have I for a Friend?

Tatt. Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be trusted with a Secret.

Ang. Do you know me, *Valentine?*

Val. Oh very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a Woman,—One to whom Heav'n gave Beauty, when it grafted Roſes on a Briar. You are the Reflection of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you is ſunk. You are all white, a Sheet of lovely ſpotleſs Paper, when you firſt are born; but you are to be ſcrawl'd and blotted by every Goose's Quill. I know you; for I lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her ſo long, that I found out a ſtrange thing: I found out what a Woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, prithee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a Secret.

Tatt. O Lord!

Val. O exceeding good to keep a Secret: For tho' ſhe ſhould tell, yet ſhe is not to be believ'd.

Tatt. Hah! good again, faith.

Val. I would have Muſick.——Sing me the Song that I like.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Finger.*

I.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I Time retrieve,
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt Off'ring give;
I know my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I ſhould all my Vows and Oaths renew,
But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our wank and wany Truth, I find,
Love hates to be a Poſt aſſign'd,
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.

Then

Then never let us chain what shou'd be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree:
Since Women love to change, and so do we.

No more, for I am melancholy. [*Walks musing.*

Jere. I'll do't, Sir. [*To* Scandal.

Scan. Mr. *Foresight*, we had best leave him. He may grow outragious, and do Mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jere. [*To Mrs.* Frail.] You'll meet, Madam;—I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. *Frail.* Thou shalt do what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To* Angelica.

Ang. No, I'll stay with him———Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that——Madam, will you do me the Honour?

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Tattle* might have used less Ceremony.

SCENE XVII.

Angelica, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. Jeremy, follow *Tattle*.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I only stay till my Maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

Scan. Madam, I'm very glad that I over-heard a better Reason, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*, for his Impertinence, before'd you to acknowledge a Kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the Dis-

very; and your Ladyship to the free Confession of your Inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heav'ns! you won't leave me alone with a Madman?

Scan. No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy.

SCENE XVIII.

Angelica, Valentine.

Val. MAdam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my self.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aside.*

Val. You see what Disguises Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the same Reason; and the divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Masque of Madness, and this motly Livery, only as the Slave of Love, and menial Creature of your Beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks, poor *Valentine.*

Val. Nay Faith, now let us understand one another, Hypocrisy apart——The Comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be our selves; and since you have lov'd me, you must own, I have at length deserv'd you should confess it.

Ang. [*Sighs.*] I would I had lov'd you—For Heav'n knows I pity you; and cou'd I have foreseen the bad Effects, I would have striven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

Val. What sad Effects?——What's too late: my seeming Madness has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of Means to reconcile me to him; and preserve the right of my Inheritance to his Estate; which otherwise by Articles, I must this Morning have resign'd; And

And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your Love of me had caus'd this Transport in your Soul; which it seems, you only counterfeited for mercenary Ends, and sordid Interest.——

Val. Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Interest was consider'd it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary——But how am I deluded by this interval of Sense, to reason with a Madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

SCENE XIX.

[*To them*] Jeremy.

Ang. O H here's a reasonable Creature——sure he will not have the Impudence to persevere——Come *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confess your Master's Madness counterfeit.

Jere. Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bedlam*; nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymist, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lye; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Jere. O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Jere. Yes, Madam; he has Intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you chide, shall I tell you, the Farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jenny*?

Jenn. Partly I think—for he does not know his own Mind two Hours—I'm sure, I left him just now, in the Humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there? [*One knocks.*

Val. Go see, you Sot. I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had Apprehension enough to be suspicious: But Madmen shew themselves most, by over-pretending to a sound Understanding; as drunken Men do by over-acting Sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have restor'd me to my former Opinion and Compassion.

Jenn. Sir, your Father has sent to know if you are any better yet—Will you please to be mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the Confession of my Senses: I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

Jenn. So—Just the very backside of Truth.—But lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greatest part of my Conversation—Madam, your Ladyship's Woman.

SCENE XX.

Valentine, Angelica, Jenny.

Ang. WELL, have you been there?—Come hither, *Jenny*. Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to* Angelica.

Val. You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

Ang. Would any thing but a Madman complain of Uncertainty?

certainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the Joys of Love. Security is a tasteless thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a Wife, discovers the Folly of the Chase. Never let us know one another better: for the Pleasure of a Masquerade is done, when we come to shew our Faces; but I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

SCENE XXI.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Val. FROM a Riddle you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my Instruction, and the Moral of my Lesson.

Jere. What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you understood one another before she went?

Val. Understood! She is harder to be understood than a Piece of *Egyptian* Antiquity, or an *Irish* Manuscript; you may pore 'till you spoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge.

Jere. I have heard 'em say, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of a Witch's Prayer, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; she is a Medal without a Reverse or Inscription, for Indifference has both Sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the Opinion of my Satirical Friend, *Celadon*, who says,

That Women are like Tricks by slight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's *House.*

Angelica *and* Jenny.

ANGELICA.

WHERE is Sir *Sampson?* did you not tell me, he wou'd be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great Glass in the Dining-Room, Madam, setting his Cravat and Wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't——If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me, and that's more than half my Design.

Jenny. I hear him, Madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* should come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

SCENE II.

Angelica, *Sir* Sampson.

Sir Samp. I Have not been honour'd with the Commands of a fair Lady a great while—odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—Not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great Reason to complain, Sir *Sampson*, that is not long ago. Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an abſolute Courtier, Sir *Sampſon.*

Sir *Samp.* Not at all, Madam: Odds bud you wrong me; I am not ſo old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words: Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, and can ſerve a Lady any way——Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too ſoon, faith and troth you do——Come don't deſpiſe fifty; odd fifty, in a hale Conſtitution, is no ſuch contemptible Age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all, a very faſhionable Age I think——I aſſure you, I know very conſiderable Beaus, that ſet a good Face upon fifty; fifty! I have ſeen fifty in a ſide Box by Candle-Light, out-bloſſom five and twenty.

Sir *Samp.* Outſides, Outſides; a pize take 'em, meer Outſides: Hang your Side-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of thoſe, none of your fore'd Trees, that petend to bloſſom in the Fall; and Bud when they ſhould bring forth Fruit: I am of a long-liv'd Race, and inherit Vigour, none of my Anceſtors marry'd 'till fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters, 'till fourſcore: I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Antediluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood cou'd not waſh away. Well, Madam, what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and ſhall I cut his Throat? or——

Ang. No, Sir *Sampſon,* I have no Quarrel upon my Hands——I have more Occaſion for your Conduct than your Courage at this time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living ſingle, and want a Huſband.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, and 'tis pity you ſhou'd——Odd, wou'd ſhe would like me, then I ſhou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd: faith and troth ſhe's devilish handſome. [*Aſide.*] Madam, you deſerve a good Huſband, and 'twere pity you ſhould be thrown away upon

upon any of these young Idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging,—— that is a very young Fellow——Prize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing;——And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder; out of a Frolick: And are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning:—Odso, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your Advice, Sir *Sampson*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man easy that I can like; If there were such a thing as a young agreeable Man with a reasonable Stock of Good-nature and Sense——For I would neither have an absolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you are hard to please, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Task. But, faith and troth you speak very discreetly; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

Ang. She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampson*, forfeits the Reputation of her Honesty or Understanding: And she that marries a very witty Man is a Slave to the Severity and insolent Conduct of her Husband. I should like a Man of Wit for a Lover, because I would have such a one in my Power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Consequence of his Aversion, than his Jealousy is of his Love.

Sir *Samp.* None of old *Foresight's Sibyls* ever utter'd such a Truth. Odsbud, you have won my Heart: I hate a Wit: I had a Son that was spoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad, till he learn'd to be a Wit——And might have risen in the State——But, a pox on't, his Wit ran him out of his Money, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

Ang. Sir *Sampson*, as your Friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done——But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, I believe she likes me—[*Aside.*]—Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; and I wish, Madam, they were in a better Posture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit——If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir *Sampson*, what's the Matter?

Sir *Samp.* Odd, Madam, I love——And if you would take my Advice in a Husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir *Sampson*; I ask'd your Advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your Consent——I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in Jest, to satisfy you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were seemingly carry'd on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Disguise of Madness, in Apprehension of losing me: For you know he has long pretended a Passion for me.

Sir *Samp.* Gadzooks, a most ingenious Contrivance——If we were to go through with it. But why must the Match only be seemingly carry'd on?——Odd, let it be a real Contract.

Ang. O fy, Sir *Sampson*, what would the World say?

Sir *Samp.* Say, they wou'd say, you were a wise Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay, but that is not in your Power, Sir *Sampson*; for before you can make a Settlement, you must settle your Intellects; you must confess Judgment to your Brother.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you're a cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better—But, I warrant you, I have a Proviſo in the Obligation in favour of my ſelf——Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settlement upon the Iſſue Male of our two Bodies begotten, Odſbud let us find Children, and I'll find an Eſtate!

Aug. Will you? Well, do you find the Eſtate, and leave t'other to me——

Sir *Samp.* O Rogue! But I'll truſt you. And will you conſent? Is it a Match then?

Aug. Let me conſult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propoſe practicable; I'll give you my Anſwer.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart;——Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond.——You ſhall conſult your Lawyer, and I'll conſult a Parſon; Odzooks I'm a young Man: Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear——Odd, you're deviliſh handſome: Faith and Troth, you're very handſome, and I'm very young, and very luſty——Odsbud, Huſſy, you know how to charge, and ſo do I;——Odd, I think we are very well met;——Give me your Hand, odd, let me kiſs it; 'tis as warm and as ſoft——as what?——Odd, as t'other Hand——give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiſs 'em 'till they melt in my Mouth.

Aug. Hold, Sir *Sampſon*——You're profuſe of your Vigour before your time: You'll ſpend your Eſtate before you come to it.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, only give you a Rude-Roll of my Prowe——Ah! Baggage——I warrant you the little *Sampſons*: Odd, *Sampſon's* a very good Name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampſons* were ſtrong Dogs from the Beginning.

Aug. Have a care, and don't over-act your Part——If you remember, *Sampſon*, the Strength of the Name, you'll ſhould Houſe over his Head at laſt.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Say you ſo, Huſſy?——Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too, come away—Odſo, here's ſome body coming.

SCENE III.

Tattle, Jeremy.

Tatt. IS not that ſhe, gone out juſt now?

Jere. Ay, Sir, ſhe's juſt going to the Place of Appointment. Ah Sir, if you are not very faithful and cloſe in this Buſineſs, you'll certainly be the Death of a Perſon that has a moſt extraordinary Paſſion for your Honour's Service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that?

Jere. Even my unworthy ſelf, Sir.——Sir, I have had an Appetite to be ſed with your Commands a great while;——And now, Sir, my former Maſter having much troubled the Fountain of his Underſtanding, it is a very plauſible Occaſion for me to quench my Thirſt at the Spring of your Bounty——I thought I could not recommend my ſelf better to you, Sir, than by the Delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you ſigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy Fortune; ſay no more——Thou art a pretty Fellow, and canſt carry a Meſſage to a Lady in a pretty ſoft kind of Phraſe, and with a good perſuading Accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my Head——I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an Univerſity: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are ſecret in your Nature, private, cloſe, ha?

Jere.

Jere. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as ſecret as the Head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Ay? who's he, tho'? A Privy Counſellor?

Jere. O Ignorance! [*Aſide.*] A cunning *Ægyptian*, Sir, that with his Arms would over-run the Country, yet no body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

Tatt. Cloſe Dog! A good Whoremaſter, I warrant him——the time draws high, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I muſt be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy*?

Jere. Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to ſeize at firſt Sight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Maſter's Madneſs to be ſo dreſs'd; and ſhe is ſo in Love with him, ſhe'll comply with any thing to pleaſe him. Poor Lady, I'm ſure ſhe'll have reaſon to pray for me, when ſhe finds what a happy Exchange ſhe has made, between a Madman and ſo accompliſh'd a Gentleman.

Tatt. Ay Faith, ſo ſhe will, *Jeremy*: You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature——I ſwear I do it hardly ſo much in conſideration of my ſelf, as Compaſſion to her.

Jere. 'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to ſave a fine Woman with thirty thouſand Pound, from throwing herſelf away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith——I might have ſaved ſeveral others in my time; but I Gad I could never find in my Heart to marry any body before.

Jere. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Maſter's coming; and meet you in half a Quarter of an Hour, with your Diſguiſe, at your own Lodgings. You muſt talk a little madly, ſhe won't diſtinguiſh the Tone of your Voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit;——I'll be ready for you.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Tattle, *Miſs* Prue.

Miſs. O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, 'till I'm as tir'd any thing in the World.

Tatt. O Pox how ſhall I get rid of this fooliſh Girl? *Aſide.*

Miſs. O I have pure News, I can tell you pure News ——— I muſt not marry the Seaman now ——— my Father ſays ſo. Why won't you be my Huſband? You ſay you love me, and you won't be my Huſband. And I know you may be my Huſband now if you pleaſe.

Tatt. O fy, Miſs: Who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs. Why, my Father—I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fy, Miſs, why did you do ſo? And who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O Pox, that was yeſterday, Miſs, that was a great while ago, Child. I have been aſleep ſince; ſlept a whole Night, and did not ſo much as dream of the Matter.

Miſs. Pſhaw, O but I dream't that it was ſo tho'.

Tatt. Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child ——— O fy; what, we muſt not love one another now ——— Pſhaw, that would be a fooliſh thing indeed ——— Fy, fy, you're a Woman now, and muſt think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night ——— No, no, to marry is to be a Child again, and play with the ſame Rattle always: O fy, marrying is a paw thing.

Miſs. Well, don't you love me as well as you did laſt Night then?

Tatt. No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miſs. No? Yes but I wou'd tho'.

Tatt. Pſhaw, but I tell you, you would not ——You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own Mind.

Miſs. But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

SCENE V.

[*To them*] Foreſight.

Fore. O Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a cloſe Man, but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been truſted with, —— Or had you a Mind to try if I could diſcover it by my Art—hum, ha! I think there is ſomething in your Phyſiognomy, that has a Reſemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

Tatt. And ſo you would infer, that you and I are alike—what does the old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aſide.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

Fore. How? What? a wrong Notion! How ſo?

Tatt. In the way of Art: I have ſome taking Features, not obvious to vulgar Eyes; that are Indications of a luckier turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives; and promiſe a great Beauty and great Fortune reſerv'd alone for me, by a private Intrigue of Deſtiny, kept ſecret from the piercing Eye of Perſpicuity; from all Aſtrologers, and the Stars themſelves.

Fore. How! I will make it appear, that what you ſay is impoſſible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in haſte——

Fore. For what?

Tatt. To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay. But pray take me along with you, Sir—

Tatt.

Tatt. No, Sir; 'tis to be done privately——I never make Confidents.

Fore. Well; but my Conſent I mean——You won't marry my Daughter without my Conſent?

Tatt. Who I, Sir? I'm an abſolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day! What time of the Moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, Sir, and deſire to continue ſo. I have no more Love for your Daughter, than I have Likeneſs of you; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you would be glad to know, and ſhan't know; and yet you ſhall know it too, and be ſorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as ſecret as the Night. And I'm going to be married juſt now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago; and the Lady ſtays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a Myſtery for you,—I know you love to unty Difficulties—Or if you can't ſolve this; ſtay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

SCENE V.

Foreſight, *Miſs* Prue.

Miſs. O Father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my Huſband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what do theſe Lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, Child, ſtark wild.

Miſs. What, and muſt not I have e'er a Huſband then? What, muſt I go to Bed to Nurſe again, and be a Child as long as ſhe's an old Woman? Indeed but I won't. For now my Mind is ſet upon a Man, I will have a Man ſome way or other. O! methinks I'm ſick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to ſleep

all my Life: For when I'm awake it makes me sick and long, and I don't know for what—And I'd rather be always asleep, than sick with thinking.

Fore. O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,—Hussy, you shall have a Rod.

Miss. A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Husband: and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my self: I'll marry our *Robin* the Butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsom Man; and shall be my Husband: I warrant he'll be my Husband, and thank me too, for he told me so.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] Scandal, *Mrs.* Foresight, *and* Nurse.

Fore. DID he so——I'll dispatch him for't presently: Rogue! Oh, Nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your Worship's Pleasure?

Fore. Here take your young Mistress, and lock her up presently, 'till farther Orders from me——not a word, Hussy—Do what I bid you, no Reply, away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate and Linen, d'ye hear, be gone when I bid you.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, Husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now—Mr. *Scandal*, Heav'n keep us all in our Senses—I fear there is a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine*?

Scan. O I hope he will do well again—I have a Message from him to your Niece *Angelica*.

Fore. I think she has not return'd, since she went a-with Sir *Sampson*. Nurse, why are you not gone?

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Foresight, Scandal, *Mrs.* Foresight, Ben.

Mrs. *Fore.* HERE! Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his Father be come home.

Ben. Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. *Fore.* Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsom young Woman, she, as they say, Brother *Val.* went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor Niece, my poor Niece, is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess——I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Antegoa*——No, hold, I mayn't fay so neither——But I'll sail as far as *Legborn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; Mess you may take in all the Points of the Compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. *Fore.* Your Experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you; there's a new Wedding upon the Stocks, and they two are going to be marry'd.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why Father, and——the young Woman. I can't hit of her Name.

Scan. *Angelica?*

Ben. Ay the same.

Mrs. *Fore.* Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*, impossible!

Ben. That may be—but I'm sure 'tis so, I tell you.

Mrs. *Fore.* Death, it's not. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not Lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you call Madness——— But she's mad for a Husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd never make a Match together——Here they come.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] Sir Sampson, Angelica, Buckram.

Sir *Samp.* WHERE is this old Soothsayer? this Uncle of mine elect? A ha, old *Foresight*, Uncle *Foresight*, with me Joy, Uncle *Foresight*, double Joy, both as Uncle and Astrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*——The brightest Star in the blue Firmament—is *fast from above*, as a *Jelly of Love*, and so forth; and I'm Lord of the Ascendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Foresight*; Uncle I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Foresight*; and yet you shall live to dance at my Wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the Musick of the Spheres for that, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a Dance to *Fig Leaves*——

Fore. I'm Thunderstruck! You are not married to my Niece?

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Not absolutely married, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiss of the Matter, as you see.

[*Kisses* Angelica.

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir *Samp.* That he shall, or I'll burn his Globes—Body o'me, he shall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou shalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enow to put the weekly Bills out of Countenance.

Scan. Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine?*

SCENE X.

Sir Sampson, Angelica, Foresight, *Mrs.* Foresight, Ben, Buckram.

Mrs. *Fore.* THIS is so surprizing——

Sir *Samp.* How! What does my Aunt say? Surprizing, Aunt? Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter? Not at all——It's a Plot to undermine cold Weather; and destroy that Usurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. *Fore.* I'm glad to hear you have so much Fire in you, Sir *Sampson.*

Ben. Mess, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; may-hap it will only serve to light up a Match for some Body else. The young Woman's a handsom young Woman, I can't deny it: But Father, if I might be your Pilot in this Case, you should not marry her. It's just the same thing, as if so be you should sail to the Indies without Provision.

Sir *Samp.* Who gave you Authority to speak, Sirrah?

rah! To your Element, Fish, be mute, Fish, and to Sea, rule your Helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your new Vessel steddy.

Sir *Samp.* Why, you impudent Tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your Forecastle Jests upon your Father? But I shall be even with you, I won't give you a Groat. Mr. *Buckram*, is the Conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this Scoundrel? I would not so much as have him have the Prospect of an Estate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-East* Passage.

Buck. Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the least Cranny of the Law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and Leak unstopt in your Conscience——If so be that one had a Pump to your Bosom, I believe we should discover a foul Hold. They say a Witch will Sail in a Sieve ——But I believe the Devil would not venture aboard o'your Conscience. And that's for you.

Sir *Samp.* Hold your Tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's here?

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] Tattle *and* Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Sister, the most unlucky Accident!

Mrs. *Fore.* What's the Matter?

Tatt. O, the two most unfortunate poor Creatures in the World we are.

Ben. Hists us! How so?

Mrs. *Frail.* Ah Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are——I can't speak it out.

Tatt.

Tatt. Nor I——But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Mrs. Frail. Married.

Mrs. Fore. Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly——before we knew where we were ——that Villain *Jeremy*, by the help of Diſguiſes, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why, you told me juſt now, you went hence in haſte to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be ſav'd, Madam, my Intentions were good——But this is the moſt cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore——The Devil take me if ever I was ſo much concern'd at any thing in my Life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The leaſt in the World——That is for my Part, I ſpeak for my ſelf. Gad, I never had the leaſt Thought of ſerious Kindneſs—I never lik'd any Body leſs in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad I'm ſorry for her too; for I have no reaſon to hate her neither; but I believe I ſhall lead her a damn'd ſort of a Life.

Mrs. Fore. He's better than no Huſband at all—— tho' he's a Coxcomb. [*To Frail.*

Mrs. Frail. [*To her.*] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worſe—Nay, for my part I always deſpiſed Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Huſband could have made me like him leſs.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much——Pox on't, I wiſh we could keep it ſecret, why I don't believe any of this Company wou'd ſpeak of it.

Mrs. Frail. But, my Dear, that's impoſſible; the Parſon and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publiſh it.

Tatt. Ay, my Dear, ſo they will, as you ſay.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; Custom will make it easy to you.

Tatt. Easy! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to Night.

Sir *Samp.* Sleep. Quot'ha! No, why you would not sleep o' your Wedding-Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another Match now, as tho'f a couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and shou'd fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young Man with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have Experience of her, when she's going, let her go. For no Matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her Anchor along with her, she'll break her Cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the Madman.

SCENE, *The Last.*

Valentine, Scandal, *Sir* Sampson, Angelica, Foresight, *Mrs.* Foresight, Tattle, *Mrs.* Frail, Ben, Jeremy, Buckram.

Val. NO; here's the Fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my Hand.

Sir *Samp.* How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and ask your Pardon.

Sir *Samp.* What, have you found your Senses at last then? In good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, Sir; I never was distracted.

Fore. How! not mad! Mr. *Scandal.*

Scan. No really, Sir; I'm his Witness, it was all Counterfeit.

Val.

Val. I thought I had Reason——But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has shewn it such.

Sir *Samp.* Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reasonable return of Nature.

Sir *Samp.* Very good, Sir——Mr. *Buckram*, are you ready?——Come, Sir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, Sir; but first I would ask this Lady one Question.

Sir *Samp.* Sir, you must ask me leave first; that Lady? No, Sir; you shall ask that Lady no Questions, 'till you have ask'd her Blessing. Sir, that Lady is to be my Wife.

Val. I have heard as much, Sir; but I won'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir *Samp.* That's as much as to say, I lye, Sir, and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madness; I don't know but the Frolick may go round.

Sir *Samp.* Come, Chuck, satisfy him, answer him;——Come, come, Mr. *Buckram*, the Pen and Ink.

Buck. Here it is, Sir, with the Deed, all is ready.

[Val. *goes to* Ang.

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to dispose of my Person, than yours.

Sir *Samp.* Are you answer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Where's your Plot, Sir? and your Contrivance now, Sir? Will you sign, Sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my Heart, Sir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin your self?

Val.

Val. I have been disappointed of my only Hope; and he that loses Hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was subservient to my Pleasure; and my only Pleasure was to please this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and find at last that nothing but my Ruin can effect it: Which, for that Reason, I will sign to——Give me the Paper.

Ang. Generous *Valentine?* [*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the Deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the Bond, by which I am oblig'd to sign this?

Buck. Sir *Sampson*, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine.* [*Tears the Paper.*

Sir *Samp.* How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the World to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a Passion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and struggl'd very hard to make this utmost Trial of your Vertue. [*To* Valentine.

Val. Between Pleasure and Amazement, I am lost—But on my Knees I take the Blessing.

Sir *Samp.* Gons, what is the meaning of this?

Ben. Mess here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampson*, since I have play'd you a Trick, I'll advise you, how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a second Wife. I always lov'd your Son; and hated your unforgiving Nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmost; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has Vertues; and 'tis hardly more Pleasure to me, that I can make him and my self happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If any Happiness could receive Addition, this kind Surprize would make it double. Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Oons you're a *Crocodile.*

Fore. Really, Sir *Sampſon*, this is a ſudden Eclipſe.

Sir *Samp.* You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another.

Tatt. If the Gentleman is in Diſorder for want of a Wife, I can ſpare him mine. Oh are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happineſs. [*To* Jere.

Jere. Sir, I aſk you ten thouſand Pardons, 'twas an arrant Miſtake——You ſee, Sir, my Maſter was never mad, nor any thing like it——Then how cou'd it be otherwiſe?

Val. Tattle. I thank you, you would have interpoſed between me and Heav'n, but Providence laid Purgatory in your way——You have but Juſtice.

Scan. I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampſon* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they ſhou'd not be employ'd when the Match is ſo much mended. *Valentine*, tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

Val. Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like Joy and Tranſport.

Scan. Call 'em, *Jeremy.*

Ang. I have done diſſembling now, *Valentine*; and if that Coldneſs which I have always worn before you, ſhould turn to an extreme Fondneſs, you muſt not ſuſpect it.

Val. I'll prevent that Suſpicion——For I intend to dote to that immoderate degree, that your Fondneſs ſhall never diſtinguiſh it ſelf enough to be taken notice of. If ever you ſeem to love too much, it muſt be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of Promiſes; you know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my Body as your Priſoner, and take your beſt on't.

Scan. The Muſick ſtays for you. [*Dance.*

Sam. Well, Madam, you have done Exemplary Juſtice,

So

in punishing an inhuman Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: But there is a third good Work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex, and you have converted me ——— For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in bestowing Favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable Accusation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injustice, only to cover your own want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Constancy to stay 'till it becomes their due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to Worship, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would persevere even to Martyrdom, and sacrifice their Interest to their Constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the Novelty.

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's kind.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New Houſe.

By Mrs. *BRACEGIRDLE.*

SURE Providence at firſt deſign'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Diſtreſs:
For ſtill in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that ſhields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which laſt befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes, their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, ſometimes they ſhew their Reading;
And wanting ready Caſh to pay for Hearts,
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philoſophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
I'm ſure 'tis ſome ſuch Latin *Name they give 'em,*
And we, who know no better, muſt believe 'em.
Now to theſe Men (ſay they,) ſuch Souls were giv'n,
That after Death, ne'er went to Hell nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beaſts; and then
When many Years were paſt, in Men again.
Methinks, we Players reſemble ſuch a Soul,
That does from Bodies, we from Houſes ſtrole,
Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs;
Or in this very Houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in ſome Beau:

And

EPILOGUE.

Well then, our Audience, which did once support
Two flaming Theatres to serve their Sport,
Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court.
These Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noise
Of roaring Gamesters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompast,
And now they're fill'd with Jests, and Flights, and Bombast!
I vow, I don't much like this Transmigration
Strolling from Place to Place, by Circulation,
Grant Heav'n, we don't return to our first Station.
I know not what these think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
How we should end in our Original, a Cart.
But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
That you have only set us up, to leave us.
Thus from the past, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it———
And some here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.

FINIS.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. CONGREVE.

——Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.
Ovid. de Arte Am.



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MDCCXXIV.

THE MOURNING BRIDE

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by

MR. CONGREVE.

LONDON.

To Her Royal Highneſs the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highneſs: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have rais'd You, above the reſt of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praiſe, rather a Choice, more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is univerſally Bleſs'd, is always an univerſal Bleſſing. Thus from Your Self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incenſe which ariſes to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes it self from the vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness, as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted, and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescrib'd, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities barely touch'd in the sin-

gle

gle Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd for the continued and encreasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which you so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an Innocent, and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and recompense the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number new's would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
And One was thought sufficient for a Year:
Tho they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
But were they without Reason join'd together;
Or just as one prognosticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Showers of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Cowcumbs, or what Floods of Fools.
In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Were more they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit, they did so long presage,
It fell on us, and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thresh such empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and labouring at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sense?
Hard Fate for us, still harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.

Still

PROLOGUE.

Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worſe;
'Twere ſome Amends if they could reimburſe:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cauſe is loſt,
There's no recovering Damages or Coſt.
Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Cuſtom gives the Loſers Leave to ſpeak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd, who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the reſt we hope a better Fate,
To pleaſe and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue;
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He won'd not loſe, thro' Prejudice, his Cauſe;
Nor won'd obtain precariouſly Applauſe.
Impartial Cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd, by juſt Decrees to ſtand or fall.

DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Gonsalez, his Favourite.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Garcia, Son to *Gonsalez*.	Mr. *Scudamour*.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonsalez*.	Mr. *Arnold*.
Osmyn, a noble Prisoner.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Hali, a Prisoner, his Friend.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Selim, an Eunuch.	Mr. *Baily*.

WOMEN.

Almeria, the Princess of *Granada*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Zara, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princess.	Mrs. *Bowman*.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara.

Guards, &c.

The SCENE *GRANADA.*

THE



THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers ALMERIA *in Mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in Mourning.*

After the Musick, ALMERIA *rises from her Chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

MUSICK has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By magick Numbers and persuasive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O Force of constant Woe!

'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Grief.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night
The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.
Why am not I at Peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, cease,
Or moderate your Griefs, there is no Cause—

Alm. No Cause! Peace, Peace; there is Eternal Cause,
And Misery Eternal will succeed.
Thou can'st not tell—thou hast indeed no Cause.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
And always did compassionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow King:
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from Bed, and to his Prison crept;
Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the Grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
That thus could'st melt to see a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How wou'd thy Heart have bled to see his Suff'rings!
Thou had'st no Cause, but general Compassion.

Leon. Love of my Royal Mistress gave me Cause,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bless'd *Anselmo*'s Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Success; that then, in spite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s Kings,
He did endear himself to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways

His moſt induſtrious Goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing by a Match between *Alphonſo*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Diſſenſion, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

Alm. Alphonſo! O Alphonſo!
Thou too art quiet—long haſt been as Peace——
Both, both—Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when ſhall I have Reſt?
Why do I live to ſay you are no more?
Why are all theſe Things thus?—Is it of Force?
Is there Neceſſity, I muſt be miſerable?
Is it of moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I ſhou'd be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By ſome unſeen Hand, ſo, as of ſure Conſequence,
They muſt to me bring Curſes, Grief of Heart,
The laſt Diſtreſs of Life, and ſure Deſpair?

Leon. Alas, you ſearch too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anſelmo*'s Court?
Or there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For ſo my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonſo, Alphonſo!*
Devouring Seas have wath'd thee from my Sight,
No Time ſhall raſe thee from my Memory;
No, I will live to be thy Monument:
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb:
But in my Heart thou art Inter'd; there, there,
Thy dear Reſemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband ſtill, tho' loſt.

Leon. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I ſaid?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deſerve all Confidence,
But 'tis the Wretches Comfort ſtill to have

Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour,

Leon. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my Sorrows---- if thou did'st----
If I shou'd tell thee, would'st thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou would'st, thou art compassionate.

Leon. Witness these Tears.----

Alm. I thank thee---- *Leonora*,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress,
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatness, to be wretched and unpitied----
But I did promise I wou'd tell thee---What?
My Miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso*:
For to have known my Loss, thou must have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tenderness of Love.

Leon. The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
In all Report----
And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;
But fearful to renew your Troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the Story.

Alm. If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
Ere on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmo*'s Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge---Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amidst those Flames---but 'twas not so decreed,
Heaven, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,

Had

Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to sail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden Storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the Coast
Of *Africk*: There our Vessel struck the Shore,
And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in Pieces;
But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more Affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The Shoar, and save me floating on the Waves,
While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leon. Alas! Were you then wedded to *Alphonso*?

Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,
And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
I wou'd consent the Priest shou'd make us one;
That whether Death or Victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Power of future Fate:
The Queen too did assist his Suit---I granted;
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful----

Alm. 'Twas---as I have told thee---
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and watry Eyes;
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

Leon. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant that Time may bring her some Relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come heavy-laden with th' oppressing Weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave

The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the reſtleſs Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
They ſhake their downy Wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head:
Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me.

Leon. Hark!
The diſtant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph;

[Shouts at a diſtance.

O ceaſe, for Heavens ſake, aſſuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief, for much I fear,
'Twill urge his Wrath, to ſee you drown'd in Tears,
When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes—*Garcia*, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonſo* baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die;
Firſt, die ten thouſand Deaths—Look down, look down,

[Kneels.

Alphonſo, hear the ſacred Vow I make;
One Moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect Bliſs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me,
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Conſent,
By any Action, Word, or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heaven ſhow'r down
Unheard-of Curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heav'ns Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now!

[Riſing.

My Heart has ſome Relief; having ſo well
Diſcharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.
My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm.

Alon. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are wrap'd and buried in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good *Anſelmo*'s Tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear ſome fatal Reſolution.

Alon. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
Nor Violence.—— I feel my ſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this Vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy Thought,
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. THE Lord *Gonſalez* comes to tell your Highneſs
The King is juſt arriv'd.

Alon. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
To fill my Ears with *Garcia*'s valiant Deeds;
And gild and magnify his Son's Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gon. BE ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conqueſt, and your brighter Eyes
Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous Light.

And bleſs this Day with moſt unequal Luſtre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his ſolemn *March*,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth.
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace.
Priſoners of War in ſhining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the nobleſt Blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his Chariot-wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnaſhing Teeth, the Duſt his Triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming Populace ſpread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' cliffed Stones, ſtretching and ſtaring,
As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
While you alone retire, and ſhun this Sight:
This Sight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The Multitude ſhould gaze) in abſence of your Eyes.

Alm. My Lord, mine Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with ſounding Words,
Or pompous Phraſe; the Pageantry of Souls.
But ſince my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

Gonſ. Excellent Princeſs!
But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praiſe.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's loweſt Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchleſs Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia*'s Deeds,

Which

Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the King. [*Flourish.*

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in Mourning.*

SCENE IV.

Symphony of warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia *and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are rang'd in Order round the Stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels: afterwards* Gonsalez *kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while* Garcia *does the same to the Princess.*

KING.

ALmeria, rise— My best *Gonsalez*, rise.
What, Tears! my good old Friend,——

Gons. But Tears of Joy.
Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd
Mine Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou
Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To see these weep on this Occasion,——some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!
Why is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this solemn Day in these sad Weeds?
In opposition to my Brightness, you
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliverance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your Debt;
Yet something too is due to me, who give

Thus

That Life, which Heav'n preſerv'd. A Day beſtow'd
In Filial Duty, had aton'd and given
A Diſpenſation to your Vow —— No more.
'Twas weak and wilful —— and a Woman's Error.
Yet —— upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To ſee that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt Foe,
Hated *Anſelmo*, was interr'd —— By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: Juſt ſo
Thy ſenſeleſs Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! What? thou doſt not weep to think of that?

Gonſ. Have Patience, Royal Sir; the Princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour ſhould be *Alphonſo*'s Loſs,
And her Deliverance; is ſhe to blame?

King. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt Foe was laid in Earth, ſuch Enmity,
Such Deteſtation bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter ſhould have revell'd at his Death,
She ſhould have made theſe Palace Walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep?
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a ſhackled Slave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And ſhook his Chains in Tranſport and rude Harmony.

Gonſ. What ſhe has done, was in Excels of Goodneſs;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended. —— Sure, no more.

King. To ſeem is to commit, at this Conjuncture.
I wo' not have a ſeeming Sorrow ſeen
To day. —— Retire, diveſt your ſelf with Speed
Of that offenſive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow; For you,
It ſhall be your Excuſe, that I command it.

Gar.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

King. Rise, *Garcia*— I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria.*

Alm. My boding Heart!— What is your Pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your Hand, and, *Garcia*, yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take——
But to devote, and yield my self for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate pay my worthless Thanks.—

King. No more; my Promise long since pass'd, thy Services,
And *Garcia*'s well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but to-morrow's Sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials———

Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gonf. She recovers.

King. A Fit of Bridal Fear: How is't, *Almeria?*

Alm. A sudden Chilness seizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

King. *Garcia*, conduct her.

[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the Door, and returns.*

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,
And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo?*

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, *Attendants.*

Alonz. YOUR beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if she still were Wife
To *Almanzor*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King.

King. It is our Will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mere Valour you relate such Wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*

Gar. *Osmyn*, who led the *Moorish* Horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*:

King. He is your Prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

King. Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara*, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONZALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a Guard, and attended by* SELIM *and several Moors and Eunuchs in a Train.*

King. WHAT Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous *Zara*,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
When with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,
Your dread Pomp been with your Presence grac'd,
The expecting Croud had been deceiv'd; and seen
The

Their Monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing Triumph led: your Beauty's Slave.

Zara. If I on any Terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think these Honours,
Which Conquerors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal Value with unbonow'd Rule,
And Native Right, to Arbitrary Sway:
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State.

King. These Bonds! 'Twas my Command you should be free,
How durst you, *Perez*, disobey?

Perez. Great Sir,
Your Order was, she should not wait your Triumph;
But at some Distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false: 'twas more; I bid she should be free:
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid—— Free her and hers
With Speed—— yet stay—— my Hands alone can make
Fit Restitution here——— Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave my self.

Zara. Such Favours, so conferr'd, tho' when unsought,
Deserve Acknowledgment from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Preeminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts!
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding* Osmyn
And sullen Port, glooms downwards with his Eyes?

At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's *Osmyn*.

King. He answers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

Osm. Because Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That Gallant *Moor* in Battle lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected. [*To Gonsa.*

Gonsa. That Friend may be her self; seem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

King. I'll have Inquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name?

Zara. *Heli.*

King. *Garcia*, that Search shall be your Care;
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And make Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine, no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore,
For, lingring there, in long Suspence she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fir'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court,
Yields in Fields, unfriendly the flies,
Takes with soft'd Sway in *Zara*'s Eyes.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS Way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chuſing this lonely Manſion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken Fate.
Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very deed from Death,
And to reviſit with my long clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul or Senſe,
Afford a Thought, or ſhew a Glimpſe of Joy,
In leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
I feel, to hear of *Oſmyn*'s Name; to hear
That *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.
Gar. I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendſhip.
Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.
Heli. Where? where?
Gar. I ſaw him not, nor any like him ——
Per. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my View,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd Haſte; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flaſh'd upon me with a Glance!
Then forward ſhot their Fires, which he purſu'd,
As to ſome Object frightful yet not fear'd.
Gar. Let's haſte to follow him, and [illegible] the Cauſe.
Heli. My Lord, let me intreat you to forbear:

Leave me alone to find and cure the Cauſe.
I know his Melancholy, and ſuch Starts
Are uſual to his Temper. It might raiſe him
To act ſome Violence upon himſelf,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Paſſions way,
Secure and looſe in friendly Solitude.
I know his noble Heart would burſt with Shame,
To be ſurpris'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiouſly to pry
Or preſs upon the Privacies of others.

SCENE II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

Gar. *Perez*, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealouſy confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Oſmyn*; but ſome other Opportunity
Muſt make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long ſince plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If ſo, Unhappineſs attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear ſome coming.
The Friends, perhaps, are met; let us avoid 'em.

SCENE III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Alm. IT was a fanſy'd Noiſe, for all is hush'd.
Leo. It bore the Accent of a human Voice.

Alm.

Alm. It was thy Fear, or elſe ſome tranſient Wind
Whiſtling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Iſle.
We'll liſten ———

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as Death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whoſe ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking Tranquillity. It ſtrikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And ſhoot a Chilneſs to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice;— my own affrights me with its Echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will increaſe your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me *Anſelmo*'s Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring Earth
Of human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of ſome pale Coarſe
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia*'s more deteſted Bed: That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my preſent Fears
Are loſt in dread of greater Ill. Then ſhew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonſo*'s Soul.

Leon. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret.

SCENE IV.

The SCENE *opening discovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the rest.*

HELI.

I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him — Hark! sure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining — There it sounds — I'll follow it.

SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Leon. BEhold the sacred Vault, within whose Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest,
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the Grave, where Nature weary,
And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Peace eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and press me close
To his cold clayie Breast: My Father then
Will cease his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too

Will

Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliſs
To my *Alphonſo*'s Soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecſtacy of Thought! Help me, *Anſelmo*;
Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonſo*:
O *Alphonſo!*

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *aſcending from the Tomb.*

Oſm. WHO calls that wretched Thing that was *Alphonſo?*

Alm. Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heav'n ſupport me!

Oſm. Whence is that Voice, whoſe Shrillneſs, from the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shrowd, roots up *Alphonſo?*

Alm. Mercy! Providence! O ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Boſom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

Oſm. Amazement and Illuſion!
Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye Pow'rs,
[*Coming forward.*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it ſinks, it fails;

I'll catch it ere it goes, and graſp her Shade,
'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf!
Nor dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELE

Leon. ALAS, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting— Help me, help me, Stranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raiſe
Theſe Bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with *Almeria*!
O Miracle of Happineſs! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

Oſm. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe; ſhew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine — 'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taſte her Breath, I warm'd her [illegible] warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bleſs me [illegible] Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband.

Alm. I've ſworn I'll not wed *Garcia*: why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?

Oſm. Look on thy *Alphonſo*.
The Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy *Alphonſo*.
Wilt thou not know me? Haſt thou then forgot
Haſt thou thy Eyes, yet can'ſt not ſee *Alphonſo*?
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my Diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonſo*: 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundleſs Deep,

To

To Seas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
O how haſt thou return'd? How haſt thou charm'd
The Wildneſs of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

Oſm. O I'll not aſk, nor anſwer how, or why
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumſtance
Or Means by which I have thee ——
To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is ſo much Joy,
I have not Leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or triſle Time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a-while ——
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Oſm. What wouldſt thou? thou doſt put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Oſm. And why? What doſt thou mean? Why doſt thou gaze ſo?

Alm. I know not; 'tis to ſee thy Face, I think ——
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To ſee him thus again in ſuch Profuſion
Of Joy, of Bliſs — I cannot bear — I muſt
Be mad —— I cannot be tranſported thus.

Oſm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

Alm. Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-pow'rful Heav'n, what are we?
O my ſtrain'd Heart —— let me again behold thee,
For I weep to ſee thee —— Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Oſm. Not in my Love.

Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know have done this to thee.
Thou haſt wept much, *Alphonſo*; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

Oſm. Wrong not my Love, to ſay too tenderly.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;

Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doſt thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ake to hold thee faſt, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alm. I will, for I ſhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had ſworn
To Heav'n and thee, and ſooner wou'd have dy'd —

Oſm. Perfection of all Faithfulneſs and Love!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd -- Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a Saint:
And thou haſt heard my Pray'r; for thou art come
To my Diſtreſs, to my Deſpair, which Heav'n
Could only by reſtoring thee have cur'd, [Days,

Oſm. Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but length of
To pay ſome Part, ſome Little of this Debt,
This countleſs Sum of Tenderneſs and Love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough — I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all *Æra*'s then
Of yet unmeaſur'd Time; when I have made
This exquiſite, this moſt amazing Goodneſs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchleſs Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence to ſee thy Face:
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happineſs,
For 'tis not to be borne — What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand things to know and ask,
And ſpeak — That thou art here beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with ſuch Suddenneſs haſt hit my Sight,
In ſuch Surpriſe, ſuch Myſtery, ſuch Ecſtaſy!
It hurries all my Soul, and ſtuns my Senſe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didſt ariſe!

Oſm. I did; and thou, my Love, didſt call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?

Oſm.

Ofm. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a diſtant Voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I roſe and liſten'd,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonſo*;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee ——

Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou hither? How thus? — Ha!
What's he, who like thy ſelf is ſtarted here
Ere ſeen?

Ofm. Where? ha! What do I ſee? *Antonio!*
I'm fortunate indeed — my Friend too, ſafe!

Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!

Ofm. And twice eſcap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War: For in the Fight I ſaw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Priſ'ner as your ſelf,
And as your ſelf made free; hither I came
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you, to lament *Anſelmo*.

Ofm. There are no Wonders, or elſe all is Wonder.

Heli. I ſaw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
When with Aſtoniſhment I ſaw *Almeria*.

Ofm. I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.

Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Ofm. What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
That perſevering ſtill, with open Hand,
It ſcatters Good, as in a Waſte of Mercy!
Where will this end! but Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty Number ſhall be ſpent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpſe
Of two in ſhining Habits croſs the Iſle:
Who by their pointing ſeem to mark this Place

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.

Ofm. I wiſh at leaſt, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could ſleep 'till we again were met.

Heli. *Zara* with *Selim*, Sir, I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

Alm. What Love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

Osm. She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thy self away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso* now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet ——

Alm. Sure we shall meet again ——

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.

SCENE VIII.

OSMYN *alone.*

YET I behold her —— yet —— and now no more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thought,
So shall you still behold her —— 'twill not be.
O Impotence of Sight! Mechanick Sense,
Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,
Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
Successively reflect succeeding Images:
Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad;
Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View

Revolves, and to the *Present* adds the *Past*:
Affaying farther to Futurity:
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have seen her often ——

SCENE IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. SEE where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought, a Statue among Statues,
Why, cruel *Oſmyn*, doſt thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire loſt?
But what is loſs of Honour, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recompence reſerv'd for Love?
Why doſt thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
To find this Place of Horror and Obſcurity?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the Grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee ——
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barb'rous Man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful *Oſmyn*.

Oſm. Ha, 'tis *Zara!*

Zara. Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, loſt, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardleſs Suppliant, now, to *Oſmyn*.
The Slave, the Wretch that ſhe redeem'd from Death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on *Zara*.

Oſm. Far be the Guilt of ſuch Reproaches from me;
Loſt in my ſelf, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I ſaw you not, 'till now.

Zara. Now then you ſee me ——
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs Eyes you look,

Rather

Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

Oſm. What would you from a Wretch who came to mourn,
And only for his Sorrows choſe this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladneſs there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why doſt thou rack me thus?
And with Perverſeneſs, from the Purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this Houſe of Miſery?
What Joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to ſhare thy Griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my Love.

Oſm. O that's the greateſt Grief — I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou haſt a Heart, tho' 'tis a ſavage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt,
Driv'n by the Tide upon my Country's Coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion! ſcarce will't own that Name, ſo ſoon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like
E'en then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thoſe watry Cheeks, then chaf'd
Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood aroſe,
And, like the Morn, vermillion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy reſpiring Lips!

Oſm. O call not to my Mind what you have done;
It ſets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which ſhews me poor and bankrupt even in Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the cred'lous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,

When

When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinſman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
To this Invaſion; where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the Cauſe of all, then view thy ſelf:
Reflect on *Oſmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the loſt, and now the Captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd,—ſay, what then is *Oſmyn*?

Oſm. A fatal Wretch—a huge ſtupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Pow'r,
But larger Means to gratify the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to riſe, and reach
Our Wiſh, and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they have ſerv'd their End,
And are, like Lumber, to be left and ſcorn'd.

Oſm. Why was I made the Inſtrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Zara. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unſeen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or ſtrain him as I pleaſe.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Oſm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can beſtow. Set free your ſelf,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be ſo.

Zara. Thou canſt not mean ſo poorly as thou talk'ſt.

Oſm.

Osm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:
But what this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness — Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
By something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave;
A Slave not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish The King!
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!

Sel. Madam, the King is here, and entring now.

Zara. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the* KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

King. WHY does the fairest of her Kind withdraw
Her shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd:
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like where I adore?

Zara. There, he; your Prisoner, and that was my Slave.

King. How! better than my Hopes? Does she accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low by my Captivity,

And

And do your Arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the Sport of Slaves?
And ſhall the Wretch, whom yeſter Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Preſume to-day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hiſſing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Inſolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd, to Whips and Priſons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

Guards ſeize Osmyn.

Zara. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his State,
Whoſe former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large; thence ſprung his Inſolence,
And what was Charity, he conſtru'd Love.

King. Enough; his Puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And ſpread, like Roſes, to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour ſhall roll in circling Joys,
And Love ſhall wing the tedious waſting Day:
Life without Love is Load: and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

OSMYN *alone with a Paper.*



BUT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Aſhes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for ſome Purpoſe points out theſe Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper; what it is this Light will ſhew.

If my Alphonſo —— Ha! [Reading.
If my Alphonſo *live, reſtore him, Heav'n;*
Give me more Weight, cruſh my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Impriſonment and Want;
But bleſs my Son, viſit not him for me.

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r —— yet more:

Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for myſelf, but him, hear me, All-gracious ——

'Tis wanting what ſhould follow — *Heav'n* ſhou'd follow.
But 'tis torn off —— Why ſhou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,

But

But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
His Voice, ſhutting the Gates of Pray'r againſt him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Acceſs
On high, and of good Men the very beſt
Is fingled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax eternal Juſtice!
Yet I may think — I may, I muſt; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
Ere Reaſon can be born. Reaſon, the Power
To gueſs at Right and Wrong, the twinkling Lamp
Of wandring Life, that winks by Turns,
Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining.
What Noiſe! Who's there? my Friend! How cam'ſt thou hither?

SCENE II.

OSMYN, HELI.

Heli. THE Time's too precious to be ſpent in telling.
The Captain influenc'd by *Almeria*'s Power,
Gave order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Oſm. How does *Almeria*? But I know ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

Heli. You may: anon, at Midnight when the King
Is gone to Reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a Bridegroom's Right) ſhe'll come.

Oſm. She'll come! 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear;
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Priſon, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, who had ſhe never known ſhe had

Been

Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blasted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; 'till late
At length, imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate.
I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to share the Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia*'s Frontiers;
Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their Rights and Liberty.

Osm. By Heav'n thou'st rous'd me from my Lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood;
Deaf to Revenge — nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs, and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my People's Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on fire,
My Soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; where is the King?
Where is *Alphonso*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty,
Off, Slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at Victory beneath.

Heli. Our Posture of Affairs and scanty Time,

My

My Lord, require you ſhould compoſe your ſelf,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.
Zara, the Cauſe of your Reſtraint may be
The Means of Liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety to convey my ſelf
Where not far off ſome Male-contents hold Council
Nightly, who hate this Tyrant: ſome, who love
Anſelmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your Cauſe.

Oſm. My Friend and Counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Averſion.

Oſm. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would ſhew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows:
Such Sanctity, ſuch Tenderneſs ſo mix'd
With Grief as wou'd draw Tears from Inhumanity.

Heli. The Care of Providence ſure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, thoſe Bleſſings it with-held from him.
In that Aſſurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.

Oſm. Farewel,
My Friend; the Good thou doſt deſerve attend thee.

SCENE

SCENE III.

OSMYN *alone.*

I'VE been to blame, and queſtion'd with Impiety
The Care of Heav'n. Not ſo my Father bore
More anxious Grief. This ſhould have better taught me:
This Leſſon, in ſome Hour of Inſpiration,
By him ſet down; when his pure Thoughts were born,
Like Fumes of ſacred Incenſe, o'er the Clouds,
And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Way
Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there
He in the Book of Preſcience ſaw this Day;
And waking to the World, and mortal Senſe,
Left this Example of his Reſignation,
This his laſt Legacy to me; which, here,
I'll treaſure as more worth than Diadems,
Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.

SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd.*

Oſm. WHAT Brightneſs breaks upon me thus thro' Shades,
And promiſes a Day to this dark Dwelling?
Is it my Love?———

Zara. O that my Heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
Thy Tongue that Saying!

Oſm. Zara! I am betray'd by my Surpriſe.

Zara. What, does my Face diſpleaſe thee?
That having ſeen it thou doſt turn thy Eyes
Away?

Away, as from Deformity and Horror?
If ſo, this ſable Curtain ſhall again
Be drawn, and I will ſtand before thee ſeeing,
And unſeen. Is it my Love? ask again
That Queſtion, ſpeak again in that ſoft Voice,
And look again with Wiſhes in thy Eyes;
O no, thou can'ſt not, for thou ſee'ſt me now,
As ſhe whoſe ſavage Breaſt hath been the Cauſe
Of theſe thy Wrongs; as ſhe whoſe barbarous Rage
Has loaded thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my Falſeneſs:
Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom ſhe lov'd?
No, no, it muſt be Hatred, dire Revenge,
And Deteſtation, that could uſe thee thus.
So doſt thou think; then do but tell me ſo;
Tell me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
Thee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miſeries.

Oſm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with ſo low a Mind,
As ſtill to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by ſecret Cauſes,
Has made perforce ſubſervient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Deſtiny and inauſpicious Stars
Have caſt me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.

Zara. Canſt thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madneſs?
O, give that Madneſs yet a milder Name,
And call it Paſſion; then, be ſtill more kind,
And call that Paſſion Love.

Oſm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you pleaſe, ſuch I will think it.

Zara. O thou doſt wound me more with this thy Goodneſs,
Than e'er thou could'ſt with bittereſt Reproaches;

Thy

Thy Anger could not pierce thus to my Heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish——

Zara. Haste me to know it: what?

Osm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Zara. What Thing?

Osm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated Hour to come,
Which, wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as Occasion, I
My self will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now, 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the Temper of the King—— Who knows
What racking Cares disease a Monarch's Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
And strikes his Rays thro' Dusk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Rest, may stretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

Osm. I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, shou'd my secret Purpose take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Zara. Thou can'st not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements rest,
Thou hast the Wrong, till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Justice to return
My Love. Adieu.

SCENE

SCENE V.

OSMYN *alone.*

THIS Woman has a Soul
Of Godlike Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in ſpite of me, my beſt
Eſteem; to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Of Perſonal Charms, or with leſs Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But ſhe has Paſſions which outſtrip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempeſts root
The Sea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the Truth,
Some ſwift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my Fears,
The Cauſe and Comfort of my boding Heart.

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

Oſm. MY Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All!
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad Place?
How ſpeak to thee the Words of Joy and Tranſport?
How run into thy Arms, withheld by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruiſe thy tender Body,
And ſtain thy Boſom with the Ruſt of theſe
Rude Irons? Muſt I meet thee thus, *Almeria?*

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet

To

To part no more——— Now we will part no more;
For theſe thy Chains, or Death, ſhall join us ever.
Oſm. Hard Means to ratify that Word!—O Cruelty
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee
A Torture! — yet, ſuch is the bleeding Anguiſh
Of my Heart, to ſee thy Sufferings.——— O Heav'n!
That I could almoſt turn my Eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my Sight.
Alm. O! ſay not ſo;
Tho' 'tis becauſe thou lov'ſt me. Do not ſay,
On any Terms, that thou doſt wiſh me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-ſlaking Thirſt,
Thus better, than for any Cauſe to part.
What doſt thou think? Look not ſo tenderly
Upon me——— ſpeak, and take me in thy Arms——
Thou can'ſt not! thy poor Arms are bound, and ſtrive
In vain with the remorſeleſs Chains which gnaw
And eat into thy Fleſh, feſtring thy Limbs
With rankling Ruſt.
Oſm. Oh! O———
Alm. Give me that Sigh.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burſt, thy Eyes look red and ſtart;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought. [Breaſt
Oſm. For this World's Rule, I would not wound thy
With ſuch a Dagger as then ſtuck my Heart.
Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou haſt felt it. Tell it me.
——Thou giv'ſt me Pain with too much Tenderneſs!
Oſm. And thy exceſſive Love diſtracts my Senſe!
O would'ſt thou be leſs killing, ſoft or kind,
Grief could not double thus his Darts againſt me.
Alm. Thou doſt me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart.

If

If there he shoot not every other Shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe shou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife.

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves: Engines and Wheels,
That piece-meal grind are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alm. Then I am cure'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart?
O that thy Words had Force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in sunder!
So shou'dst thou be at large from all Oppression,
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst?

Osm. My All of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst thou not say, that Racks and Wheels were Balm
And Beds of Ease, to thinking me thy Wife?

Osm. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wish or Thought from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife —— nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The sacred Union of connubial Love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymeneal Torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful Sacrifice;
But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and fenc'd with Sighs

Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for such Offerings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes;
Is this our Marriage-Bed? Are these our Joys?
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, even thus to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extremest Ecstasy.
But O thou art not mine, nor ever in Misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so blest,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
The extremest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
What kill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.
There we will feast, and smile on past Distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual Ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd
Because not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unattended Arms;
Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
Think how the Blood will start, and Tears will gush
To follow thee, my fainting Soul.
While there I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I smear these Walls with Blood, disfigure
And dash my Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breast,
And grovel with gash'd Hands to scratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking Horror!

Osm. Then *Garcia* shall be panting on thy Bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy Charms;
And thou perforce must yield, and aid his Transport.
Hell! Hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?

What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing Softneſs, ſinking Eaſe,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria!*
What do the Damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?

Alm. O, I am ſtruck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which ſhot into my Breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not —— O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of inceſſant ſcalding Rain.

SCENE VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

Zara. Somewhat of Weight to me requires his Freedom.
Dare you diſpute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majeſty one Moment to defer
Your entring, till the Princeſs is retir'd
From viſiting the noble Priſoner.

Zara. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?

Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my Life, with Speed —— Alas, we're ſeen:
Speak of Compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say ſomething quickly to conceal our Loves,
If poſſible ——

Alm. —— I cannot ſpeak.

Oſm. Let me

Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd—Death and Destruction!
How shall I search into this Mystery?
The blueſt Blast of Pestilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.

Osm. This Charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria *as she goes out.*
Distress'd, Heaven will repay; all Thanks are poor.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. DAmn'd, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choke in my Rage, and know the utmost [Depth
Of this Deceiver — You seem much surpris'd.

Osm. At your Return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! Yet I will contain my self.
You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding———

Osm. ———Madam!

Zara. I did not know the Princess' Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir — mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this Time spare your Mirth.

Zara. I know thou could'st; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What Miseries?

Who

Who would not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majeſty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of Night,
Forſake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er Your Hours of Reſt.
O Curſe! I cannot hold.———

Oſm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Oſm. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou ſhalt die.

Oſm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'dſt live.

Oſm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the ſlow Hand
Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of publick View.

Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my Pow'r,

Zara. Who waits there? As you'll anſwer it, look, this Slave. [*To the Guard.*
Attempt no means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The Publick Safety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee,
Or ſpeak with him: I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and Ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe Injuſtice thou haſt done my Love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt Diſtreſs,
And all thoſe Ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury like a Woman ſcorn'd.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

THOU hast already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your Accusation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*; but to that, fresh News
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted Troops,
'Tis certain *Hali* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distraction) some
Who bore high Offices, of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Osmyn*, and his Correspondence
With them who first began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd;
And Order given for Publick Execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart ere *Osmyn* die.

Sel. It needs not, for the King will straight be here,
And as to your Revenge, not his own Interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of *Osmyn*.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his Life

In

In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more Grief but to ſuppoſe his Death,
Than ſtill to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.
From my Deſpair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's Deſpair — it was Diſtruſt
Before; Diſtruſt will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Diſtruſt; both ſhort-liv'd Pains.
But in Deſpair, and ever during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.
O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne —— Deviſe the Means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

Sel. My Life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought
Zara. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or what, or how,
Shall I prevent, or ſtop the approaching Danger?

Sel. You muſt [illegible] moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyn's* Death; too quick a Change of Mind
Might breed Suſpicion of the Cauſe. Adviſe
That Execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what Pretence?

Sel. Your own Requeſt's enough.
However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cauſe to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyn's* Intereſt,
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an Eſcape:
The State of things will countenance all Suſpicions.
Then offer to the King to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret by your Mutes: and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant —— and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

SCENE II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

King. BEAR to the Dungeon those rebellious Slaves,
Th' ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Santhe* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to present Death.
Perez, see it perform'd ——

Gonf. Might I presume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Osmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, Soldiers! they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd *Hali*?

Gonf. None, Sir. Some Papers have been since discover'd
In *Roderigo*'s House, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their Course.
Of the same nature divers Notes have been
Disper'd t'amuse the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour:
That being sav'd upon the Coast of *Africk*,
He there disclos'd himself to *Albuquerque*,
And by a secret Compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the Way to this Invasion;
While he himself returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raise this Tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? It *Osmyn* then ——— Ah! I
O Heav'n! a thousand things occur at once

To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain Death for him, as ſure Deſpair
For me, if it be known —— If not, what Hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt Baſeneſs now,
To yield him up — No, I will ſtil conceall him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim*'s Court.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome Hour of Buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our While of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the Day.

Zara. You're too ſecure: The Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.

King. His Doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my Coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King;
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, That a triple League
Of ſtricteſt Friendſhip, was profeſt between
Alphonſo, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Oſmyn*.

King. Publick Report is ratify'd in this.

Zara. And *Oſmyn*'s Death requir'd of ſtrong Neceſſity.

King. Give order ſtraight that all the Priſoners die.

Zara. Forbear a Moment; ſomewhat more I have

Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.

King. Let all, except *Gonsalez*, leave the Room.

SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. I am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Osmyn*
His private Practice and Conspiracy
Against your State: And fully to discharge
My self of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treason then so near us as our Guards!

Zara. Most certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Man.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise.
I have remaining in my Train some Mutes,
A Present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Seignior's* Court. These from their Infancy
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and shall
(As there the Custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gons. My Lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What Off'ring or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great Services?
To cast beneath your Feet the Crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict Charge, that none may be admitted
To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

King. ON your Life take heed,
That only *Zara's* Mutes, or such who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the Door.
Zara. They and no other, not the Princess self.
Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.
King. Retire.

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Gonsa. THAT Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against the Princess,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears bare-faic'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not. — Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
That last Restraint; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confed'rate with the *Moor*.
Zara. I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.
Gonsa. Ha!
King. How? She visit *Osmyn*? What, my Daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf. ———
King. Never. You have been misinform'd.
Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and humbly prepare
Instruction for my Ministers of Death.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

Gonf. THere's somewhat yet of Myſtery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obſcure and double,
Sometimes contrar, and ſometimes diſagree;
I like it not.

King. What do'ſt thou think, *Gonſalez?*
Are we not much indebted to this Fair One?

Gonf. I am a little ſlow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Diſquiets her too much: which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends — I doubt it now — Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her ſo?
I'th' Evening *Oſmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to releaſe him;
I'th' Morning he muſt die again; ere Noon —
Her Mutes alone muſt ſtrangle him, or he'll
Eſcape. This put together ſuits not well.

King. Yet, that there's Truth in what ſhe has diſcover'd,
Is manifeſt from every Circumſtance
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*
Are Confirmation — that *Alphonſo* lives;
Agrees expreſly too with her Report.

Gonf. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealouſy, ſhe has diſcover'd what —
She now repents. It may be I am deceiv'd.
But why that needleſs Caution of the Princeſs?
Grant if ſhe had ſeen *Oſmyn* dead, tho' 'twere ſtrange,
But if ſhe had, what was't to her? unleſs
She fear'd her ſtronger Charms might cauſe the *Moor's*
Affection to revolt.

King.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my Daughter ſaw this *Moor?*

Gonſ. If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſo's Friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his Account to ſee him.

King. Say'ſt thou? By Heaven thou haſt rous'd a Thought,
That like a ſudden Earthquake ſhakes my Frame;
Confuſion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this h[illegible]or.

Gonſ. That were too hard [illegible] but ſee ſhe comes ——
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've di[illegible]n,
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyn*'s Death, as he's *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſolicit for him.

SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

King. YOur coming has prevented me, *Almeria*; —— I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your Attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have —— [Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwoll'n and red-fleck'd Eyes, that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguiſh? Why this on the Day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate the Nuptials;
But that the Beams of Light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack? }
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,

Nor

Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubile.

Alm. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cause,
And look thou answer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.
Why art thou mute? base and degen'rate Maid!

Gonf. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these Tears but Grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb Confessions of thy guilty Mind;
They mean thy Guilt, and say thou wert Confed'rate
With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
And bend my flowing Eyes to stream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
—— I have no Parent else —— be thou a Mother,
And fly between me and the Curse of him,
Who was —— who was, but is no more a Father,
Lest he unmake my Innocence with horrid Crimes;
Snatch for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now dear as Mercy, and Distinguish'd

King. Rise. I command thee rise —— and if thou wou'dst
Acquit thy self of these detested Natures,
Swear thou hast never seen that Foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Object

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
And free of all bad Purpose. So Heav'n
My Witness.

King.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence! O Patience! hear —— she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd — all Pains and Tortures
That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I'm loft, —— there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then; if thou canft, reply; know, Traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is ——

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I would have borne it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorſeleſs Rack I would have giv'n
This weak and tender Fleſh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure it!
What, dar'ſt thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curſe —— fly my juſt Rage with ſpeed:
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child:
Turn not your Eyes away — look on me kneeling:
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever Father curſe his kneeling Child!
Never: For always Bleſſings crown that Poſture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty.
Stooping to raiſe from Earth the Filial Reverences.
For bended Knees, returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Bleſſings, and paternal Love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth ——

King. Be thou adviſ'd, and let me go, while yet

The

The light Impreſſion, thou haſt made, remains.

Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor looſe this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou and I,
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go —— Call her Attendants.

[Leonora *and Women return.*

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Boſom,
I'll not let go 'till you have ſpar'd my Husband. [nation!

King. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? Husband! Husband! Dam-
What Husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poiſon and Daggers! wh[illegible]

Alm. O——— [*Faints.*

Gonſ. Help, ſupport her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep —— I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll ſcrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And clothe their Nakedneſs with my own Fleſh;
Yes, I will ſtrip off Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband
He ſhall be mine, ſtill and for ever mine.

King. What Husband? who? whom doſt thou mean?

Gonſ. She raves!

Alm. O that I did. *Oſmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. Oſmyn?

Alm. Not *Oſmyn*, but *Alphonſo* is my dear
And wedded Husband —— Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to Witneſs.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy ſelf doſt rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too ſhou'd catch thy Madneſs.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe muſt mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Senſe, and bring me word:
And look that ſhe attempt not on her Life.

SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants.*

Alm. O Stay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were.—— He's gone.

Gonſ. Have Comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue that bids me be of Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move his Pity;
Curs'd theſe weak Hands, that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſo*'s Death.

Gonſ. Your too exceſſive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Senſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Pow'r.

Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who couldſt alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.

Gonſ. Ha!

Alm. Why doſt thou ſtart? what doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was is it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonſo*'s Breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly Head glares by, all ſmear'd with Blood,
Gaſping, as it wou'd ſpeak; and after, ſee!
Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger;
I'll catch it — Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
My Father's Voice! hollow it ſounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb — I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo*.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

SHE's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpris'd.
Osseyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
My Policy: I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her Mistake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the Line of my Posterity?
Hold, let me think,— if I should tell the King—
Things come to this Extremity? his Daughter
Wedded already — what if he shou'd yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what is past
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he seems so be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anselmo's Race; yet if — that I consider
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well!
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonso's* Friend.
This subtle Woman will amuse the King,
If I delay — 'twill do — or better so.
One to my Wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Alon. THE King expects your Lordship.
Gons. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not the way at present, good *Alonzo*. *Alon.*

Alon. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay I have not ſeen you.

Gonſ. Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.
Yet ſtay, I would —— but go; anon will ſerve ——
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy Help.
I think thou wou'dſt not ſtop to do me Service.

Alon. I am your Creature.

Gonſ. Say thou art my Friend.
I've ſeen thy Sword do noble Execution.

Alon. All that it can your Lordſhip ſhall command.

Gonſ. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'ſt ſeen,
Among the Followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by Signs.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gonſ. Cou'dſt thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee ſuch Reward, as ſav'd exceed thy Wiſh.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your Lordſhip?

Gonſ. At my Apartments. Uſe thy utmoſt Diligence,
And ſay I've not been ſeen —— haſte, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail; *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt Obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia*'s Head.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

KING.

NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what not the Favorite Eunuch?
Nor she her self, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?

Per. None, my Lord.

King. Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double Chains, and at full length
He lies supine on Earth; with as much Ease
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As loose the Rivets of his Bonds.

King. 'Tis well. ——

[*A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.*
Ha! stop and seize that Mute; *Alonzo*, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.

[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a Paper.*

Alon. A bloody Proof of obstinate Fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this—— and strove
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The Morsel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a Poniard from his Side,

And

And on the Instant plung'd it in his Breast.
King. Remove the Body thence ere *Zara* see it.
Alm. I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promise to *Gonsalez.*

SCENE II.

KING, PEREZ.

Per. WHate'er it is, the King's Complexion turns.
King. How's this? My Mortal Foe beneath my Roof! [*Having read the Letter,*
O give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury —— Ha! who's there?
Per. My Lord. [PRY
King. Hence, Slave! how dar'st thou 'bide, to watch and
Into how poor a thing a King descends;
How like thy self, when Passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,
And fish against the Hook — By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pandar to their Meeting.
Per. By all that's Holy, I'm amaz'd ——
King. Thou ly'st.
Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down — *Still will I set thee free* ——
[Reading
That somewhere is repeated — *I have Power*
O'er them that are thy Guards — Mark that, thou Traitor.
Per. It was your Majesty's Command, I should
Obey her Order. ——

King.

King. [Reading] ——— *And till I set*
That fraud, Alphonso ——— Hell! I can't, cou'd *Alphonso!*
False and perfidious *Zara!* Inconstant Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softness, Pity and Compassion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Into this Breast, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor — answer me, Slave.

Per. My Service has not merited those Titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that ——— thy Service?
thine? [*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Rage? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Heaven on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso*'s Heart.
Why dost thou start? Recieve it ———

Per. — Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well — that when the coward conscience flies,
His Teeth may gnaw and mock his lost Remorse.
[*Going.*
— Stay there — I've another thought — I'll add to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment:
When thou hast stabb'd him, bring me his Robe;
And let the Gall where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to astonish Sight.
I'll be conducted thither — mark me well —
There with his Turban, and his Robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, feigning,
I shall convict her, to her Face, of Falsehood.
When for *Alphonso*, she shall take my Hand,
And breathe her Sighs upon my Lips for his,
Suddain I'll start, and dash her with her Guilt.
But see she comes; I'll from the Terrace there
Follow you, and give heed to my Direction.

SCENE

SCENE II.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. THE Mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down [wore;
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-ſtar, ſcorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruin in its Courſe. Doſt think
He ſaw me?

Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and ſternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.
Thy ſhallow Artifice begets Suſpicion,
And, like a Cobweb Veil, but thinly ſhades
The Face of thy Deſign; alone diſguiſing
What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen; imperfect Miſchief!
Thou, like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Haſt ſtung the Traveller; and, after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing Voice; e'en where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruffling Leaves and bended Graſs
Confeſs, and point the Path which thou haſt crept.
O Fate of Fools, officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and ſoft.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer
For my Defect: or that the Means which I
Deviſ'd to ſerve ſhould ruin your Deſign!
Preſcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs muſt fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's want, but puniſh Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike!
I bare my Breaſt to meet your juſt Revenge.

Zara.

Zara. I have not Leisure now to take so poor
A Pastime as thy Life; Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on my self, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge: for I'm resolv'd.
Give order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
Of such Ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living Faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Osmyn*, yes; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'st be free;
Such Liberty as I embrace my self,
Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

SCENE IV.

SCENE *opening shews the Prison.*

GONSALEZ *alone, disguis'd like a Mute with a Dagger.*

NOR Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as still, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been busy here.
There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd. [*Looks in.*
Ha! sure he sleeps — all's dark within, save what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,
By fits reveals — his Face seems turn'd, to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll deal and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noise! some body coming? *Alonzo?*
No body? Sure he'll wait without — I would
'Twere done — I'll crawl, and fling him to the Heart:
Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer it. [*Goes in.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

Gar. WHere? where, *Alonzo?* where's my Father? where
The King? Confuſion! all is on the Rout!
All's loſt, all ruin'd by Surpriſe and Treachery,
Where, where is he? Why doſt thou thus miſlead me?
Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment ſince,
And cou'd not paſs me unperceiv'd — What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what, hoa! My Lord *Gonſalez!*

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

Gonſ. PErdition choke your Clamours — whence this [Rudeneſs?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?
Gonſ. No matter — give me firſt to know the Cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd Exclamations.
Gar. The Eaſtern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of Slain that choke the Paſſage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unleſs
The King in Perſon animate our Men
Granada's loſt; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Poſtern fled, and join the Foe.
Gonſ. Wou'd all were falſe as that; for whom you call

The *Moor* is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Heart's Blood this Poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for *Osmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your easy Faith.
[Garcia *goes in.*

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cause of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. [*returning.*] Ruin and Horror! O Heart-wounding Sight!

Gonf. What says my Son? what Ruin? ha? what Horror?

Gar. Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my Tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This Deed — O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!
The King ———

Gonf. Alon. The King!

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, stiff'd like *Osmyn*, where he lies. [*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner or the Cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our Swords against
Our selves, and expiate, with our own, his Blood.

Gonf. O Wretch, O curs'd and rash, deluded Fool!
On me, on me turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have spilt my Royal Master's Blood,
Should make Atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels.

And

And bathe it to the Hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-murder.

Conſ. O my Son! from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondneſs theſe Ills aroſe;
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreathe thy Brow)
Whoſe Weight has ſunk me ere I reach'd the Shore.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd: [*Shout.*
The Shrillneſs of that Shout ſpeaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to ſearch into the Cauſe
Of this ſurpriſing and moſt fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known will ſtrike
The few remaining Soldiers with Deſpair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body:
Require me not to tell the Means, till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Conſ. They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes;
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To ſee the King in Perſon at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haſte; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Conſ. WHAT haſt thou done, *Alonzo*?

Alon. Such a Deed
As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,

Tho' for the Crown of universal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
Or who can wound the Dead? — I've from the Body
Sever'd the Head, and in an obscure Corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
Leaving to View of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable Trunk:
Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
For *Osmyn*, if in seeking for the King
They chance to find it.

Gonf. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a Piece with this Day's dire Misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his Arms: At least,
I shall make good, and shelter his Retreat.

[redacted]

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, followed by SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. SIlence and Solitude are every where!
Thro' all the gloomy Ways and Iron Doors,
That hither lead, nor human Face nor Voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when enter'd here; from Groans
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars and creaking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was dash'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.
Yet more this Stillness terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.

It

It may be that the Cauſe of this my Errand
And Purpoſe, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has alſo wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?
Let 'em ſet down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonſo*
That I am here—ſo. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

SCENE IX.

ZARA *and* MUTES.

Zara. WHAT have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus
[*The Mutes return and look affrighted.*
With haggard Eyes? why are your Arms a-croſs?
Your heavy and deſponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.
[*They go to the Scene, which opening, ſhe perceives the Body.*
Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! O—I'm loſt.
O *Oſmyn!* O *Alphonſo!* Cruel Fate!
Cruel, Cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepar'd to die, and ſee thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd my ſelf to give thee Death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Oſmyn*———
O this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous King!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

Sel. I'VE fought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found ——————

Zara. Get thee to Hell, and seek him there.
[*Stabs him.*

His hellish Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then —— but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body stripp'd ——
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails — I sink —
Drink not the Poison — for *Alphonso* is —————— [*Dies.*

Zara. As thou art now — And I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive:
I have a certain Remedy for that.
But oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height:
Now that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Insensible of this last Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal Part
Of Sense: His Soul still sees, and knows each Purpose,
And fix'd Event of my persisting Faith.
Then, wherefore do I pause? — give me the Bowl.
[*A Mute kneels, and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliss when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold,

Cold, cold; my Veins are Ice-like and Dull.
I'll creep into his Bosom, lay me there;
Cover us close — or I shall chill his Breast,
And fright him from my Arms — See, see, he slides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face.
I cannot feel it — quite beyond my Reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark ——— [Dies.

[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, &c.

Alm. O Let me seek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb, or Prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heav'ns! what dismal Scene
Of Death is this! The Eunuch *Selim* slain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dimm'd my Sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling Remorse too late for what they've done.
But O forbear ——— lift up your Eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to stab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood ———

Alm. O I foreknow, foresee that Object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there, I see him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds — O more than Savage!

Hark

Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
— I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All Things were well; and yet my Husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll Sluice this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent loose.
— Those Men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those Innocents;
I am the Sacrifice design'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat— they shake
Their Heads in Sign of Grief and Innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
I understand what Medicine has been here.
O noble Thirst! yet greedy to drink all ———
—— Oh for another Draught of Death —— What mean
they? [*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the lib'ral Hand that fill'd thee thus
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgement ——

Leon. O hold
For Mercy's sake upon my Knee I beg ——

Alm. With thee the kneeling World should beg in vain,
Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lies,
And pleads against thee? who shall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,
From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank Juice should blister on my Mouth,
And stain the Colour of my last Adieu.
Horror! a headless Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
[*Coming nearer the Body, starts and lets fall the Cup.*
But spouting Veins, and mangled Flesh! O, oh!

SCENE

SCENE *the Laſt.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *Priſoner, Guards and Attendants.*

Alph. AWAY, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and ſnatch her to my Heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving Senſe
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties,
With the new flaſhing Ardour of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips pour the ſoft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinſpire thy Boſom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-ſhaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?

Alph. O mayſt thou never dream of leſs Delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial Joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight againſt my Sight? and ſhall I truſt
That Senſe, which in one Inſtant ſhews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions and affrighting Fantoms;
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband,
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too ſhall have Compaſſion ——

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this

Fond

Frail Life, to be intirely bleſs'd. Even now,
In this extremeſt Joy my Soul can taſte,
Yet am I daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep:
Thy Father fell where he deſign'd my Death.
Gonſalez and *Alonzo* both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their laſt Breath confeſs'd
The juſt Decrees of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody Purpoſes.
Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhou'd be thus ——— [*She weeps.*
Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.]
Ill-fated *Zara!* Ha! a Cup? Alas!
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.
O *Garcia!* ———
Whoſe Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes;
Seeſt thou, how juſt the Hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who thro' our Innocence ſurvive,
Still in the Paths of Honour perſevere,
And not from paſt or preſent Ills deſpair:
For Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his sour Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see somewhere they sit,
Scatter'd, like Ratsbane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Parish-Searchers hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're struck!
And how they're disappointed, when they're beat!
Critichs to Plays for the same End resort
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.
As Sussex Men, that dwell upon the Shore,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a new Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Offering to the Sex design'd.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

THE
WAY of the WORLD.
A
COMEDY.
Written by
Mr. CONGREVE.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis —— Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1.
—— *Metuat doti deprenſa.* —— Ibid.



LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON *in the Strand.*
MDCCXXV.

THE WAY of the WORLD.

A

COMEDY.

Written by

W. CONGREVE.



To the Right Honourable

RALPH,

Earl of *Mountague*, &c.

MY LORD,

WHETHER the World will arraign me of Vanity, or not, that I have presum'd to Dedicate this Comedy to Your Lordship, I am yet in Doubt: Tho' it may be it is some Degree of Vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the Honour of Your Lordship's Conversation, cannot be suppos'd to think very meanly of that which he wou'd

prefer to Your Perusal: Yet it were to incur the Imputation of too much Sufficiency, to pretend to such a Merit as might abide the Test of Your Lordship's Censure.

Whatever Value may be wanting to this Play while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become Your Lordships; and it is my Security, that I cannot have overrated it more by my Dedication, than Your Lordship will dignify it by Your Patronage.

That it succeeded on the Stage, was almost beyond my Expectation; for but little of it was prepar'd for that general Taste which seems now to be predominant in the Palates of our Audience.

Those Characters which are meant to be ridicul'd in most of our Comedies, are of Fools so gross, that in my humble Opinion, they shou'd rather disturb than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and instead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compassion.

This Reflexion drew me to design some Characters, which should appear ridi-

ridiculous not so much through a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as thro' an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, so there is some Hazard which attends the Progress of its Success upon the Stage: For many come to a Play, so over-charg'd with Criticism, that they very often let fly their Censure, when thro' their Rashness they have mistaken their Aim. This I had Occasion lately to observe: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before some of these hasty Judges cou'd find the Leisure to distinguish betwixt the Character of a *Witwoud* and a *Truewit*.

I must beg Your Lordship's Pardon for this Digression from the true Course of this Epistle; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the Occasion of it, in part of that Excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this Comedy to Your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordship, and the *Few* so qualify'd, that such who write with Care and Pains can hope to be distinguish'd:

For the Proſtituted Name of *Poet* promiſcuouſly levels all that bear it.

Terence, the moſt correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to aſſiſt him, at leaſt to ſupport him in his Reputation: And notwithſtanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than neceſſary.

The Purity of his Style, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Juſtneſs of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of Taſting: Some of the coarſeſt Strokes of *Plautus*, ſo ſeverely cenſur'd by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the Multitude; ſuch, who come with Expectation to laugh at the laſt Act of a Play, and are better entertain'd with two or three unſeaſonable Jeſts, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable*.

As *Terence* excell'd in his Performances, ſo had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings; for he built moſt on the Foundations of *Menander*: His Plots were generally modell'd, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander*; and *Menander* had no leſs Light in the Formation of his Characters,

racters, from the Obſervations of *Theophraſtus*, of whom he was a Diſciple; and *Theophraſtus* it is known was not only the Diſciple, but the immediate Succeſſor of *Ariſtotle*, the firſt and greateſt Judge of Poetry. Theſe were great Models to deſign by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* poſſeſs'd, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Stile, and Juſtneſs of Manners, was not leſs conſiderable, from the Freedom of Converſation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greateſt and moſt polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of ſuch a Converſation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happen'd in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gain'd a Turn of Stile, or Expreſſion more Correct, or at leaſt more Corrigible than in thoſe which I have formerly written, I muſt, with equal Pride and Gratitude, aſcribe it to the Honour of Your Lordſhip's admitting me into Your Converſation, and that of a Society where every body elſe was ſo well worthy of You, in Your Retirement laſt Summer from the Town:

For it was immediately after, that this Comedy was written. If I have fail'd in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there shou'd be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If I am not misteken, Poetry is almost the only Art, which has not yet laid Claim to your Lordship's Patronage. Architecture, and Painting, to the great Honour of our Country, have flourish'd under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean time, Poetry, the eldest Sister of all Arts, and Parent of most, seems to have resign'd her Birth-right, by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordship; and by permitting others of a later Extraction, to prepossess that Place in Your Esteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is sacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to address to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection.

This receiv'd Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who Consecrate their

Labours

Labours to great Men: But I could wish, at this time, that this Address were exempted from the common Pretence of all Dedications; and that as I can distinguish Your Lordship even among the most Deserving, so this Offering might become remarkable by some particular Instance of Respect, which should assure Your Lordship, that I am, with all due Sense of Your extreme Worthiness and Humanity,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and most oblig'd humble Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

TO

Mr. *CONGREVE*,

Occasion'd by his COMEDY

CALL'D

The WAY of the WORLD.

WHEN Pleasure's falling to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight;
No Sense of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in distorted Gesture, Farce and Show:
How could, great Author, your aspiring Mind
Dare to write only to the Few refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's *Power to please but few.*
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well dress'd Barbarians know his awful Name.
Tho' senseless they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate a lavish Portion fell
In ev'ry way of Writing to excell.
Your Muse Applause to Arabella *brings,*
In Notes as sweet as Arabella *sings.*
Whene'er you draw an undissembled Woe,
With sweet Distress your Rural Numbers flow.
Pastora's the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,
Pastora fill the Echo of the Plain!

Or

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Or if your Muse describe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman *falling from his Horse;*
And her own William *glorious in the Strife,*
Bestowing on the prostrate Foe his Life.
You the great Act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English *Fury's in your Verse.*
By your selected Scenes, and handsom Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjust Esteem and fond Desire,
And teach to scorn, what else we shou'd admire;
The just Impression taught by you we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Player;
Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,
Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems:
But when your Muse assumes her Tragic Part,
She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry Heart,
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know:
The Widow, who, impatient of Delay,
From the Town Joys must mask it to the Play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's *resistless Moan,*
And weeps a Loss she slighted, when her own;
You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,
And vary our Affections as you please.
Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign;
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd your self, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.

R. STEELE.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF these few Fools who with ill Stars are curst,
Sure scribling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worst:
For they're a sort of Fools which Fortune *makes,*
And after she has made 'em Fools, forsakes.
With Nature's *Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Case,*
For Fortune *favours all her* Idiot-Race:
In her own Nest the Cuckow-Egg *we find,*
O'er which she broods to hatch the Changling-Kind.
No Portion for her own she has to spare,
So much she dotes on her adopted Care.

Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,
Suffer'd at first some trifling Stakes to win:
But what unequal Hazards do they run!
Each time they write they venture all they've won:
The Squire that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone.
This Author, heretofore, has found your Favour;
But pleads no Merit from his past Behaviour.
To build on that might prove a vain Presumption,
Shou'd Grants, to Poets made, admit Resumption:
And in Parnassus *he must lose his Seat,*
If that be found a forfeited Estate.

He owns, with Toil he wrought the following Scenes;
But, if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his Pains:
Damn him the more; have no Commiseration
Expos'd on mature Deliberation.

He

PROLOGUE.

He ſwears he'll not reſent one hiſs'd-off Scene,
Nor, like thoſe peeviſh Wits, his Play maintain,
Who, to aſſert their Senſe, your Taſte arraign.
Some Plot we think he has, and ſome new Thought;
Some Humour too, no Farce; but that's a Fault.
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect:
For ſo Reform'd a Town, who dares correct?
To pleaſe, this Time, has been his ſole Pretence,
He'll not inſtruct, leſt it ſhou'd give Offence.
Shou'd he by chance a Knave or Fool expoſe,
That hurts none here, ſure here are none of thoſe.
In ſhort, our Play ſhall (with your Leave to ſhew it)
Give you one Inſtance of a Paſſive Poet,
Who to your Judgments yields all Reſignation;
So Save or Damn, after your own Diſcretion.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Fainall, In Love with Mrs. *Marwood*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Mirabell, In Love with Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Witwood, Followers of Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Petulant, Followers of Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Sir *Wilful Witwood*, Half Brother to *Witwood*, and Nephew to Lady *Wishfort*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Waitwell, Servant to *Mirabell*.	Mr. *Bright*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Wishfort*, Enemy to *Mirabell*, for having falsly pretended Love to her.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Mrs. *Millamant*, A fine Lady, Niece to Lady *Wishfort*, and loves *Mirabell*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Marwood*, Friend to Mr. *Fainall*, and likes *Mirabell*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Mrs. *Fainall*, Daughter to Lady *Wishfort*, and Wife to *Fainall*, formerly beloved by *Mirabell*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
[illegible] to Lady *Wishfort*.	Mrs. *Willis*.
[illegible] to Mrs. *Millamant*.	Mrs. *Prince*.

Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

The Time equal to that of the Presentation.

THE WAY *of the* WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chocolate-House.

MIRABELL *and* FAINALL *Rising from Cards.* BETTY *waiting.*

MIRABELL.



OU are a fortunate Man, Mr. *Fainall*.

Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll play on, to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your Revenge another time, when you are not so much in Love; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the Coldness of a losing Gamester lessens the Pleasure of the Winner. I'd no more play with a Man that slighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalu'd the Favour of her Gallant.

Mira. You have a Taste extremely delicate, and are to be commended in your Pleasures.

Fain. Petulant, why so reserv'd? Something has put you out of Humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to Day; and you are gay: that's all.

Fain. Confess, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd last Night, after I left you; my fair Cousin has some Humours that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoick. What, some Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mira. *Witwoud* and *Petulant*; and what was worse, her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to sum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in. ——

Fain. O there it is then —— She has a lasting Passion for you, and with Reason. —— What, then my Wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd of the Vapours, and after fell into a profound Silence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mira. For which Reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with a Pox to you: Quoth she, we don't design you the Honour of your Company; Your Servant, Sir. Upon which I thank'd her Ladyship, and told her, that I would not have stirr'd, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I was content to stay as to know when a Visit began to be troublesome; she rellish'd it and I withdrew, without expecting her Reply.

Fain. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

Mira. She is more Mistress of herself, than to be under the Necessity of such a Restriction.

Fain. What? tho' half her Fortune depends upon her marrying with my Lady's Approbation?

Mira.

Mira. I was then in such a Humour, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last Night was one of their Cabal Nights; they have 'em three times a Week, and meet by turns, at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's Inquest, to sit upon the murder'd Reputations of the Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the Male Sex shou'd be excepted; but somebody mov'd that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of the Community; upon which motion *Witwood* and *Petulant* were enrolled Members.

Mira. And who may have been the Foundress of this Sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her Detestation of Mankind; and full of the Vigour of Fifty five, declares for a Friend and *Ratafia*; and let Posterity shift for it self, she'll breed no more.

Fain. The Discovery of your sham Addresses to her to conceal your Love to her Niece, has provok'd this Separation: Had you dissembled better, Things might have continu'd in the State of Nature.

Mira. I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reasonable Conscience; I proceeded to the very last Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and compliment her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious Town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a Dropsy, perswaded her she was reported to be in Labour. The Devil's in't, if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unless a Man shou'd endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my Virtue forbad me. But for the Discovery of this Amour, I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Fain. What shou'd provoke her to be your Enemy, unless she has made you Advances, which you have slighted?

ed? Women do not eaſily forgive Omiſſions of that Nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, 'till of late: I confeſs I am not one of thoſe Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Prejudice; and think that ſhe who does not refuſe 'em ev'ry thing, can refuſe 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant Man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to ſatisfy a Lady's longing; you have too much Generoſity, not to be tender of her Honour. Yet you ſpeak with an Indifference which ſeems to be affected; and confeſſes you are conſcious of a Negligence.

Mira. You purſue the Argument with a Diſtruſt that ſeems to be unaffected, and confeſſes you are conſcious of a Concern for which the Lady is more indebted to you, than is your Wife.

Fain. Fy, fy, Friend, if you grow cenſorious I muſt leave you. —— I'll look upon the Gameſters in the next Room.

Mira. Who are they?

Fain. *Petulant* and *Witwood* — Bring me ſome Chocolate.

Mira. *Betty*, what ſays your Clock?

Bet. Turn'd of the laſt Canonical Hour, Sir.

Mira. How pertinently the Jade anſwers me! Ha? almoſt one a Clock! [*Looking on his Watch.*] O, y'are [illegible] ——

SCENE II.

Mirabell *and* Footman.

Mira. Well; is the grand Affair over? You have been ſomething tedious.

Serv.

Serv. Sir, there's such Coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a Country Dance. Ours was the last Couple to lead up; and no Hopes appearing of Dispatch, besides, the Parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his Lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our Turn; so we drove round to *Duke's Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, so, you are sure they are married.

Serv. Married and Bedded, Sir: I am Witness.

Mira. Have you the Certificate?

Serv. Here it is, Sir.

Mira. Has the Tailor brought *Waitwell*'s Cloaths home, and the new Liveries?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the Consummation 'till farther Order; bid *Waitwell* shake his Ears, and Dame *Partlet* ruffle up her Feathers, and meet me at One a Clock by *Rosamond*'s Pond; that I may see her before she returns to her Lady: And as you tender your Ears be secret.

[illegible]

SCENE III.

Mirabell, Fainall, Betty.

Fain. Joy of your Success, *Mirabell*; you look pleased.

Mira. Ay; I have been engag'd in a Matter of Sport, somewhat of Mirth, which is not yet ripe for Discovery. I am glad this is not a Cabal-Night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your Wife to be of such a Party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engag'd are Women and Relations; and for the Men, they are of a Kind too contemptible to give Scandal.

Mira.

Mira. I am of another Opinion. The greater the Cargoe, always the more the Scandal: For a Woman who is not a Fool, can have but one Reason for associating with a Man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see *Witwoud* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

Mira. Of her Understanding I am, if not of her Person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for to give her her Due, she has Wit.

Mira. She has Beauty enough to make any Man think so; and Complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate Lover, methinks you are a Man somewhat too discerning in the Failings of your Mistress.

Mira. And for a discerning Man, somewhat too passionate a Lover; for I like her with all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those Affectations which in another Woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once did me the honour to use me with that Insolence, that in Revenge I took the Pains to dissect her, and separated her Faults: I study'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other to hate her heartily: To which end I so us'd my self to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Design and Expectation, they gave me every Hour less and less Disturbance; till in a few Days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Faults; and in all Probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half a Fool and half a Knave, and there is no Way in the World to Success. With Wit all Men can expect it, and Women without Virtue obtain it.

Mira. Say you so?

Fain.

Fain. I; I, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and so forth.

SCENE IV.

[*To them,*] Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Is one Squire *Witwoud* here?

Bet. Yes; What's your Buſineſs?

Meſſ. I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilful*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

Bet. He's in the next Room, Friend — That way.

SCENE V.

Mirabell, Fainall, Betty.

Mira. What, is the chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilful Witwoud*?

Fain. He is expected to Day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have ſeen him, he promiſes to be an extraordinary Perſon; I think you have the Honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half Brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Siſter to my Lady *Wiſhfort*, my Wife's Mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you muſt call Couſins too.

Mira. I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to Town in order to equip himſelf for Travel.

Mira.

Mira. For Travel! Why the Man that I mean is above Forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* shou'd know we have Blockheads of all Ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament to save the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little Loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstock'd.

Mira. Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-errant, and those of the Squire his Brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the Knight, like a Medlar grafted on a Crab. One will melt in your Mouth, and t'other set your Teeth on edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

Mira. So one will be Rotten before he be Ripe, and the other will be Rotten without ever being Ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Wilful* is an odd Mixture of Bashfulness and Obstinacy. — But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the Monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of Good-nature, and does not always want Wit.

Mira. Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his Common-place of Comparisons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and some few Scraps of other Folks Wit. He is one whose Conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good Quality, he is not exceptious; for he so passionately affects the Reputation of understanding Raillery, that he will construe an Affront into a Jest; and call downright Rudeness and ill Language, Sense and Fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do it at full Length. Behold the Original.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] Witwoud.

Wit. Afford me your Compaſſion, my Dear; pity me, *Fainall*; *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my Soul.

Fain. Why, what's the Matter?

Wit. No Letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a Meſſenger bring you one but now, Sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, Sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard; ——— A Meſſenger, a Mule, a Beaſt of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyrick in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verſes from one Poet to another. And what's worſe, 'tis as ſure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Mira. A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud*!

Wit. Ay, ay, my half Brother. My half Brother he is, no nearer upon Honour.

Mira. Then 'tis poſſible he may be but half a Fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell*, *le Drôle*! Good, good; hang him, dont let's talk of him: — *Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad, I ſay any thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I ſhou'd aſk a Man of Pleaſure, and the Town, a Queſtion as once ſo Foreign and Domeſtick. But I talk like an old Maid at a Marriage; I don't know what I ſay: But ſhe's the beſt Woman in the World.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Wit. No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall*. Your Judgment, *Mirabell*?

Mira. You had better ſtep and ask his Wife, if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

Wit. Mirabell.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My Dear, I ask ten thouſand Pardons; — Gad I have forgot what I was going to ſay to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but pr'ythee excuſe me, — my Memory is ſuch a Memory.

Mira. Have a care of ſuch Apologies, *Witwoud*; — for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant*?

Wit. He's reckoning his Money, — my Money it was — I have no Luck To-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at Play; — for you are ſure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune muſt be his of courſe.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confeſſes the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud*.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd inſtal Debates — *Petulant*'s my Friend, and a very honeſt Fellow, and a very pretty Fellow, and has a Smattering — Faith and Troth a pretty deal of an odd ſort of a ſmall Wit: Nay, I'll do him Juſtice. I'm his Friend, I own it before him. — And if he had any Judgment in the World, — he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't deſert the Main of your Forces. You don't take your Friend to be over-ſtocky

Wit.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I muſt own —— No more Breeding than a Bum-baily, that I grant you —— 'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

Mira. What, Courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, —— I can't ſay as to that. —— Yes, faith, in a Controverſy, he'll contradict any body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he ſpeaks; —— We have all our Failings: You are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuſe him, —— I can defend moſt of his Faults, except one or two: One he has, that's the Truth on't; if he were my Brother, I could not acquit him —That indeed I cou'd wiſh were otherwiſe.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Wit and ſound?*

Wit. O pardon me —— Expoſe the Infirmities of my Friend. —— No, my Dear, excuſe me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's unſincere, or 'tis ſome ſuch Trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his Wit will excuſe that: A Wit ſhou'd no more be ſincere, than a Woman conſtant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too poſitive?

Wit. No, no, his being poſitive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeping Converſation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That, that's his Happineſs. —— His Want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to ſhew his natural Parts.

Mira. He wants Words.

Wit. Ay; But I like him for that now: for his Want of Words gives me the Pleaſure very often to explain his Meaning.

Fain. He's impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he ſpeaks unſeaſonable Truths ſometimes, becauſe he has not Wit enough to invent an Evaſion.

Wit. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no; ſince you will have it, —— I mean, he never ſpeaks Truth at all. —— That's all. He will lye like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] Coachman.

Coach. Is Maſter *Petulant* here, Miſtreſs?

Bet. Yes.

Coach. Three Gentlewomen in a Coach wou'd ſpeak with him.

Fain. O brave *Petulant!* Three!

Bet. Ill tell him.

Coach. You muſt bring two Diſhes of Chocolate and a Glaſs of Cinnamon-Water.

SCENE VIII.

Mirabell, Fainall, Witwoud.

Wit. That ſhou'd be for two faſting Strumpets, and a Fiddler troubled with Wind. Now you ſhall know what the Three are.

Mira.

Mira. You are very free with your Friend's Acquaintance.

Wit. Ay, ay, Friendſhip without Freedom is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or Wine without Toaſting; but to tell you a Secret, theſe are Trulls whom he allows Coach-hire, and ſomething more, by the Week, to call on him once a Day at publick Places.

Mira. How!

Wit. You ſhall ſee he won't go to 'em, becauſe there's no more Company here to take notice of him ——— Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do: ——— Before he found out this Way, I have known him call for himſelf ———

Fain. Call for himſelf! What doſt thou mean?

Wit. Mean, why he wou'd ſlip you out of this Chocolate-Houſe, juſt when you had been talking to him ——— As ſoon as your Back was turn'd ——— whip he was gone; ——— Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Mask, flap into a Hackney-Coach, and drive hither to the Door again in a trice; where he wou'd ſend in for himſelf, that is I mean, call for himſelf, wait for himſelf, nay and what's more, not finding himſelf, ſometimes leave a Letter for himſelf.

Mira. I confeſs this is ſomething extraordinary ——— I believe he waits for himſelf now, he is ſo long a coming: O I aſk his Pardon.

SCENE IX.

Petulant, Mirabell, Fainall, Witwoud, Betty.

Pet. For the Coach ſtays.

Bet. Well, well, I come; —— 'Sbud a Man had as good be a profeſs'd Midwife, as a profeſs'd Whoremaſter, as

this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all Hours, and in all Places. Pox on 'em, I won't come —— D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come —— Let 'em snivel and cry their Hearts out.

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

Pet. All's one, let it pass —— I have a Humour to be cruel.

Mira. I hope they are not Persons of Condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition. Condition's a dry'd Fig, if I am not in Humour —— By this Hand, if they were your —— a —— your What-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want Appetite.

Mira. What-d'ye-call-'ems! What are they, *Witwoud?*

Wit. Empresses, my Dear —— By your What-d'ye-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

Pet. Ay, *Ravelens't.*

Mira. Cry you Mercy.

Fain. *Witwoud* says they are ——

Pet. What does he say th'ers?

Wit. I say, Ladies I fay.

Pet. Pass on, *Witwoud* —— Hark'e, by this Light his Relations —— Two Co-heiresses his Cousins, and an old Aunt, who loves Caterwauling better than a Conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the Rogue would come off —— Ha, ha, ha! Gad, I can't be angry with him, if he had told they were my Mother and my Sisters.

Mira. No.

Wit. But they are gone, I'm glad on't.

Pet. Enough, let 'em grumble. Anger is a Complexion, I ever Paint.

Fain. This Continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next Time we are at Lewd-Company, and swear he has abandoned Women for this Week.

B 3 *Mira.*

Mira. Have you not left off your impudent Pretension there yet? I shall cut your Throat, some time or other, *Petulant*, about that Business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass —— There are other Throats to be cut. ——

Mira. Meaning mine, Sir?

Pet. Not I — I mean no Body — I know nothing —— But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World —— And they may be Rivals — What then? All's one for that ——

Mira. How! Hark'e, *Petulant*, come hither —— Explain, or I shall call your Interpreter.

Pet. Explain: I know nothing —— Why you have an Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort's*?

Mira. True.

Pet. Why that's enough — You and he are not Friends, and if he should marry and have a Child, you may be disinherited, ha?

Mira. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this Truth?

Pet. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

Mira. Come, thou art an honest Fellow, *Petulant*, and shalt make Love to my Mistress, thou shalt, Faith. What hast thou heard of my Uncle?

Pet. I, nothing I. If Throats are to be cut, let Swords clash; snug's the Word, I shrug and am silent.

Mira. O Raillery, Raillery. Come, I know thou art in the Womens Secrets —— What, you're a Cabalist; I know you stayed at *Millamant's* last Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me? Pry'thee, *Petulant*, speak. If thou hadst but Good nature equal to thy Wit, *Petulant*, Tony Aguecheek, who is meer Dregs and Froth, would shew as dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye by a Pearl of Orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than Mercury by the Sun. Come, Pr'ythee don't wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common Sense then, for the future?

Mira. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that Heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

Pet. Well, hark'e.

Fain. *Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover.

Wit. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part —— But that it is almost a Fashion to admire her, I shou'd —— Hark'e —— To tell you a Secret, but let it go no farther —— Between Friends, I shall never break my Heart for her.

Fain. How!

Wit. She's handsom; but she's a sort of an uncertain Woman.

Fain. I thought you had dy'd for her.

Wit. Umh —— No ——

Fain. She has Wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else —— Now, Demme, I shou'd hate that, if she were as handsom as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last Night; and heard something of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to Town, —— and is between him and the best Part of his Estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some Distance, as my Lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell* worse than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a Fishmonger hates a hard Frost. Whether this Uncle has got Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were Hopes of such a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it should come to Life, poor *Mirabell* would be in some sort unfortunately dish'd, I think.

Fain. 'Tis impossible *Millamant* shou'd hearken to it.

Wit. Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; she's a Woman, and a kind of a Humourist.

Fain. And this is the Sum of what you could collect Last Night.

Wit.

Pet. The Quinteſſence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he ſay'd longer ——— Beſides, they never mind him; they ſay any thing before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greateſt Favourite.

Pet. Ay, *tête à tête*; but not in publick, becauſe I make Remarks.

Mira. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay; Pox, I'm malicious, Man. Now he's ſoft, you know; they are not in awe of him —— The Fellow's well bred; he's what you call a —— What-d'ye-call-'em, a fine Gentleman: But he's filly withal.

Mira. I thank you, I know as much as my Curioſity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the Ladies talk'd of being there.

Mira. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your Brother Sir *Wilfull*'s Arrival.

Wit. No, no; he comes to his Aunt's, my Lady *Wiſhfort*: Pox on him, I ſhall be troubled with him too: What ſhall I do with the Fool?

Pet. Beg him for his Eſtate, that I may beg you afterwards; and ſo have but one Trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as Fire in a froſty Morning; thou ſhalt to the *Mall* with us, and we'll be very ſevere.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a Humour to be ſevere.

Mira. Are you? Pray then walk by your ſelves—Let not us be acceſſary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance with your ſenſeleſs Ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they paſs by you; and when you have made a handſom Woman bluſh, then you think you have been ſevere.

Pet. What, what? Then let 'em either ſhew their Innocence by not underſtanding what they hear, or elſe ſhew their Diſcretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to underſtand.

Mira. But has not that Sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most asham'd thy self, when thou hast put another out of Countenance?

Pet. Not I, by this Hand—— I always take Blushing either for a Sign of Guilt, or ill Breeding.

Mira. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in defence of your Practice.

Where Modesty's Ill-manners, 'tis but fit
That Impudence and Malice pass for Wit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. JAMES's PARK.

Mrs. FAINALL *and Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Mrs. FAINALL.

AY, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the Means in our selves, and among our selves. Men are ever in Extremes; either doating, or averse. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Sense, their Jealousies are insupportable: And when they cease to love, (we ought to think at least) they loathe: they look upon us with Horror and Distaste; they meet us like the Ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy Circumstance of Life, that Love should ever die before us; and that the Man should out-live the Lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuse the Sweets of Life because they once must leave us, is as preposte-

rous,

rous, as to wish to have been born *Old*, because we one Day must be *Old*. For my part, my Youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my Possession.

Mrs. Fain. Then it seems you dissemble an Aversion to Mankind, only in compliance to my Mother's Humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no Taste of those insipid dry Discourses, with which our Sex of force must entertain themselves, apart from Men. We may affect Endearments to each other, profess eternal Friendships, and seem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to persevere. Love will resume his Empire in our Breasts, and every Heart, or soon or late, receive, and readmit him as its lawful Tyrant.

Mrs. Fain. Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profess a Libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my Friendship by my Freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. Fain. Never.

Mrs. Mar. You hate Mankind?

Mrs. Fain. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your Husband?

Mrs. Fain. Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. Fain. There.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. Fain. Is it possible? Dost thou hate those Vipers, Men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now only to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is entirely to forget 'em.

Mrs. Fain. There spoke the Spirit of an Amazon, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my Aversion further.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fain.* How?

Mrs. *Mar.* Faith by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be throughly ſenſible of ill Uſage, I think I ſhould do my ſelf the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

Mrs. *Fain.* You would not make him a Cuckold?

Mrs. *Mar.* No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. *Fain.* Why had not you as good do it?

Mrs. *Mar.* O if he ſhou'd ever diſcover it, he wou'd then know the worſt, and be out of his Pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealouſy.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ingenious Miſchief! Wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell.*

Mrs. *Mar.* Wou'd I were.

Mrs. *Fain.* You change Colour.

Mrs. *Mar.* Becauſe I hate him.

Mrs. *Fain.* So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what Reaſon have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. *Mar.* I never lov'd him; he is, and always was inſufferably proud.

Mrs. *Fain.* By the Reaſon you give for your Averſion, one wou'd think it diſſembled; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies muſt acquit him.

Mrs. *Mar.* O then it ſeems you are one of his favourable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. *Fain.* Do I? I think I am a little ſick o' the ſudden.

Mrs. *Mar.* What ails you?

Mrs. *Fain.* My Husband. Don't you ſee him? He ſtarts upon me unawares, and has almoſt overcome me.

SCENE

SCENE II.

[*To them*] Fainall *and* Mirabell.

Mrs. *Mar.* Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. *Fain.* For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My Dear.

Mrs. *Fain.* My Soul.

Fain. You don't look well to Day, Child.

Mrs. *Fain.* D'ye think so?

Mira. He is the only Man that does, Madam.

Mrs. *Fain.* The only Man that wou'd tell me so at least: and the only Man from whom I cou'd hear it without Mortification.

Fain. O my Dear, I am satisfy'd of your Tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an Effect of my Concern.

Mrs. *Fain.* Mr. *Mirabell*, my Mother interrupted you in a pleasant Relation last Night, I wou'd fain hear it out.

Mira. The Persons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation. —— I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. *Fain.* He has a Humour more prevailing than his Curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his Wife. This way, Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Fainall, *Mrs.* Marwood.

Fain. Excellent Creature! Well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I shou'd be a miserable Man.

Mrs. Mar. Ay!

Fain. For having only that one Hope, the Accomplishment of it, of Consequence must put an end to all my Hopes; and what a Wretch is he who must survive his Hopes! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

Mrs. Mar. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. *Mar.* Pray let us; I have a Reason.

Fain. You are not Jealous?

Mrs. Mar. Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. If I am, is it inconsistent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honour?

Fain. You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

Mrs. Mar. I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too Insensible.

Mrs. Mar. It may be you are deceiv'd.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. Mar. What?

Fain. That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are false.

Mrs. Mar. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know I see through all your little Arts. — Come, you both love him; and both have equally

qually dissembled your Aversion. Your mutual Jealousies of one another, have made you clash till you have both struck Fire. I have seen the warm Confession redning on your Cheeks, and sparkling from your Eyes.

Mrs. *Mar.* You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not — 'Twas for my Ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross Advances made me by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my Pleasures; and take you nearer to my Arms in full Security. But ev'n you think, because the nodding Husband would not wake, that e'en the watchful Lover slept?

Mrs. *Mar.* And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Tis false, I challenge you to shew an Instance that can confirm your groundless Accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your Resentment follows his Neglect. An Instance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof. Your interposing in his Love. What Cause had you to make Discoveries of his pretended Passion? To undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obstacle of his Match with *Millamant?*

Mrs. *Mar.* My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a Friendship to her; and could not see her easy Nature so abus'd by that Dissembler.

Fain. What, was it Conscience then? Profess'd a Friendship! O the pious Friendships of the Female Sex!

Mrs. *Mar.* More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether professing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! you are my Wife's Friend too.

Mrs. *Mar.* Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, thro' strict Fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my Friendship

to

to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the Baseness to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful of the Merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your Bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight Account you once cou'd make of strictest Ties, when set in Competition with your Love to me.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice—'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your Guilt, not your Resentment, begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a Jealousy: But you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd—— If I do it my self I shall prevent your Baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your Wife; own what has past between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. Mar. By all my Wrongs I'll do't — I'll publish to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune: With both I trusted you, you Bankrupt in Honour, as indigent of Wealth.

Fain. Your Fame I have preserv'd. Your Fortune has been bestow'd as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it —— 'Tis true—— had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stoll'n their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd beyond all Means of Reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune; which then wou'd have descended to my Wife; —— And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and squander it on Love and you?

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous Pretence.

Fain.

Fain. Death, am I not married? What, Pretence? Am I not impriſon'd, fetter'd? Have I not a Wife? Nay a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handſome Widow; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and ſomething of a Conſtitution to buſtle thro' the ways of Wedlock and this World! Will you yet be reconcil'd to Truth and me?

Mrs. *Mar.* Impoſſible. Truth and you are inconſiſtent ——— I hate you, and ſhall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. *Mar.* I loath the Name of Love after ſuch Uſage; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd aſperſe me, I ſcorn you moſt. Farewel.

Fain. Nay, we muſt not part thus.

Mrs. *Mar.* Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm ſorry.

Mrs. *Mar.* I care not —— Let me go ——— Break my Hands, do ——— I'd leave 'em to get looſe.

Fain. I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here?

Mrs. *Mar.* Well, I have deſerv'd it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. *Mar.* Poor diſſembling! ——— O that ——— Well, it is not yet ———

Fain. What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late ———

Mrs. *Mar.* No, it is not yet too late ——— I have that Comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. *Mar.* But not to loath, deteſt, abhor Mankind, my ſelf, and the whole treacherous World.

Fain. Nay, this is Extravagance ——— Come, I ask your Pardon ——— No Tears ——— I was to blame, I cou'd not love you and be eaſy in my Doubts ——— Pray forbear ——— I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, every way will make amends; ——— I'll hate my Wife yet more, Damn her, I'll part with her,

to

rob her of all her wealth, and she'll retire somewhere, any where, to another World, I'll marry them ——— Be pacify'd ——— Sdeath, they come, hide your Face, your Tears ——— You have a Mask, wear it a Moment. This way, this way, be perswaded.

SCENE III.

Mirabell and Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. They are here yet.

Mira. They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. Fain. While I only hated my Husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

Mira. O you shou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiscretion.

Mira. You shou'd have just so much Disgust for your Husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your Lover.

Mrs. Fain. You have been the Cause that I have lov'd without Bounds, and wou'd you set Limits to that Aversion, of which you have been the Occasion? Why did you make me marry this Man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous Actions? To save that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of our Loves had produc'd that Consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a Man lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue, as well as Shame, one who had neither Good-nature or Conscience, but what served his Purposes. A Man who had no Taste of Love, but what he had from Flattery and Vanity; to be a Lover, besides me, was to be a Cuckold. I took him because I thought he wou'd be a Husband. And now I loath him, he wou'd

been sacrific'd to the Occasion; a worse had not answer'd the Purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. Fain. I ought to stand in some Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell*.

Mira. In Justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole Design, and put it in your Power to ruin or advance my Fortune.

Mrs. Fain. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended Uncle.

Mira. Waitwell, my Servant.

Mrs. Fain. He is an humble Servant to *Foible* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Interest.

Mira. Care is taken for that ——— She is won and wed by this time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. Fain. Who?

Mira. Waitwell and *Foible*. I wou'd not tempt my Servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your Mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Maria* in the *Fox*, stand upon Terms; so I made him sure beforehand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will discover the Imposture betimes; and release her by producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

Mira. Yes, upon Condition that she consent to my Marriage with her Niece, and surrender the Moiety of her Fortune in her Possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talk'd last Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible*'s Direction, and my Instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an Opinion of your Success; for I believe my Lady will do any thing to get an Husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid

Mira.

Mira. Yes, I think the good Lady wou'd marry any thing that resembl'd a Man, though 'twere no more than what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female Frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be Old, and feel the craving of a false Appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old Woman's Appetite is depray'd like that of a Girl — 'Tis the Green-Sickness of a second Childhood; and like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, serves but to usher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your Mistress.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Millamant, Witwoud, Mincing.

Mira. Here she comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan spread and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders — How, has she been Sounding already? or has she fallen upon some Acquaintance in the Way?

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty Sculler; and he tows her Woman after him.

Mira. You seem to be unattended, Madam — You us'd to have the *Beau Monde* throng after you; and a Flock of gay fine Perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like Moths about a Candle — I had like to have lost my Comparison for want of Breath.

Mills. O I have decay'd my self Airs to Day. I have walk'd as fast through the Crowd —

Wit. As a Favourite just disgraced; and with as few Followers.

Mills. Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, I treat with your Similitudes. For I am as Sick of 'em —

Wit. As a Physician of a good Air — I cannot help it, Madam, tho' 'tis against my self.

Mills. Yet again! *Mincing*, stand between me and his Wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a Skreen before a great Fire. I confeſs I do blaze to Day, I am too bright.

Mrs. Fain. But, dear *Millamant*, why were you ſo long?

Milla. Long! Lord, have I not made violent haſte! I have ask'd every living Thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new Faſhion.

Wit. Madam, Truce with your Similitudes——No, you met her Husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mira. By your leave, *Witwoud*, that were like enquiring after an old Faſhion, to ask a Husband for his Wife.

Wit. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confeſs it.

Mrs. Fain. You were dreſs'd before I came abroad.

Milla. Ay, that's true——O but then I had——*Mincing*, what had I? Why was I ſo long?

Minc. O Mem, your Laſhip ſtaid to peruſe a Pacquet of Letters.

Milla. O ay, Letters——I had Letters——I am perſecuted with Letters——I hate Letters——No Body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why——They ſerve one to pin up one's Hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters? I find I muſt keep Copies.

Milla. Only with thoſe in Verſe, Mr. *Witwoud*, I never pin up my Hair with Proſe. I think I try'd once, *Mincing*.

Minc. O Mem, I ſhall never forget it.

Milla. Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the Morning.

Minc. 'Till I had the Cramp in my Fingers, I'll vow, Mem. And all to no purpoſe. But when your Laſhip pins it up with Poetry, it ſits ſo pleaſant the next Day as any Thing, and is ſo pure and ſo crips.

Wit. Indeed, ſo crips?

Minc. You're ſuch a Critick, Mr. *Witwoud*.

Milla. *Mirabell*, Did you take Exceptions laſt Night? O ay, and went away——Now I think on't I'm angry——No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——For I believe I gave

Mira.

Mira. Does that please you?

Mill. Infinitely; I love to give Pain.

Mira. You would affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of Pleasing.

Mill. O I ask your Pardon for that — One's Cruelty is one's Power, and when one parts with one's Cruelty, one parts with one's Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, hate your Cruelty to ruin the Object of your Power, to destroy your Lover — And then how vain, how loft a Thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handsom when you've loft your Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Instant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he bellows your Charms — Your Glass is all a Cheat. The Ugly and the Old, whom the Looking-glass mortifies, yet after Commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover Beauties in it: For that reflects our Praises, rather than our Face.

Mill. O the Vanity of these Men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsom! Now you must know they can't not commend one, if one was not handsom. Beauty the Lover's Gift — Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why one makes Lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then if one pleases one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty: Why you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making so many Card-matches.

Mill. One no more owes one's Beauty to a Lover, than one's Wit to an Echo: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty Things if we are silent or unseen, and want a Being.

Mira. Yet, to those two vain empty Things, you owe the greatest Pleasures of your Life.

Mill. How so?

Mira. To your Lover you owe the Pleasure of hearing your

your selves prais'd; and to an Echo the Pleasure of hearing your selves talk.

Wit. But I know a Lady that loves Talking so incessantly, she won't give an Echo fair Play; she has that certain Gift of Tongue, that an Echo must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last Words.

Mill. O Fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave these Men.

Mira. Draw off, *Witwoud*. [*Aside to Mrs.* Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. Immediately: I have a Word or two for Mr. *Witwoud*.

SCENE V.

Millamant, Mirabell, Mincing.

Mira. I wou'd beg a little private Audience too — You had the Tyranny to deny me last Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

Mill. You saw I was engag'd.

Mira. Unkind. You had the Leisure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who visit you from their excessive Idleness; bestowing on your Easiness that Time, which is the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you find Delight in such Society? It is impossible they shou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it shou'd be to you as a Mortification; for true to please a Fool is some degree of Folly.

Mill. I please my self — Besides, sometimes to converse with Fools is for my Health.

Mira. Your Health! Is there a worse Disease than the Conversation of Fools?

Mill. Yes, the Vapours; Fools are Physick for it, next to *Asa Fœtida*.

Mira. You are not in a Course of Fools?

Mill.

Milla. *Mirabell*, if you perſiſt in this offenſive Freedom — you'll diſpleaſe me — I think I muſt reſolve after all, not to have you — We ſhan't agree.

Mira. Not in our Phyſick, it may be.

Milla. And yet our Diſtempers in all Likelihood will be the ſame; for we ſhall be ſick of one another. I ſhan't endure to be reprimanded, nor inſtructed; 'tis ſo dull to act always by Advice, and ſo tedious to be told of one's Faults — I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell* — I'm reſolv'd — I think — You may go — Ha, ha, ha! What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

Mira. I wou'd give ſomething that you did not know I cou'd not help it.

Milla. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you ſay to me?

Mira. I ſay that a Man may as ſoon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honeſty, as win a Woman with Plain dealing and Sincerity.

Milla. Sententious *Mirabell*! Pr'ythee don't look with that violent and inflexible wiſe Face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the Child in an old Tapeſtry Hanging.

Mira. You are merry, Madam, but I would perſuade you for a Moment to be ſerious.

Milla. What, with that Face? No, if you keep your Countenance, 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is ſomething very moving in a Love ſick Face. Ha, ha, ha! — Well, I won't laugh, don't be peeviſh — Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a Watch-light. Well, *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me, woo me now — Nay, if you are ſo tedious, fare you well; — I ſee they are walking away.

Mira. Can you find in the Variety of your Diſpoſition one Moment ———

Milla. To hear you tell me *Foible's* marry'd, and your Buſineſs muſt be diſpatch'd ——— No.

Mira. But how you came to know it ———

Milla.

Mill. Without the Help of the Devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me her self. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VI.

Mirabell *alone.*

Mira. I have something more — Gone — Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Case of more steady Contemplation; a very Tranquillity of Mind and Mansion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not a more whimsical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point of the Compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion, not Method, is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wise from the Dictates of Reason, and yet persevere to play the Fool by the Force of Instinct. — O, here come my Pair of Turtles. — What, billing so sweetly! Is not *Valentine*'s Day over with you yet?

SCENE VII.

[*To him*] Waitwell, Foible.

Mira. Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why sure you think you were marry'd for your own Recreation, and not for my Convenience.

Wait. Your Pardon, Sir. With Submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful Delights; but still with an Eye to Business, Sir. I have instructed her as you commanded.

could. If she can take your Directions as readily as my Instructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mira. Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible.*

Foib. O-las, Sir, I'm so asham'd —— I'm afraid my Lady has been in a Thousand Inquietudes for me. But I protest, Sir, I made as much Haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that she did not make more.

Mira. That I believe.

Foib. But I told my Lady as you instructed me, Sir. That I had a Prospect of seeing Sir *Rowland* your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladyship's Picture in my Pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lie at her Ladyship's Feet and worship the Original.

Mira. Excellent *Foible!* Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

Wait. I think she has profited, Sir. I think so.

Foib. You have seen Madam *Millamant*, Sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foib. I told her, Sir, because I did not know that you might find an Opportunity; she had so much Company last Night.

Mira. Your Diligence will merit more—in the mean time —— [*Gives Money.*

Foib. O dear Sir, your humble Servant.

Wait. Spouse.

Mira. Stand off, Sir, not a Penny—Go on and prosper, *Foible* —— The Lease shall be made good, and the Farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foib. I don't question your Generosity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Success. If you have no more Commands, Sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dress 'till I come.——O dear, I'm sure that [*Looking out.*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a Mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my Lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your Servant, Sir. Bye, *Waitwell.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Mirabell, Waitwell.

Wait. Sir *Rowland*, if you pleaſe. The Jade's ſo pert upon her Preferment ſhe forgets her ſelf.

Mira. Come, Sir, will you endeavour to forget your ſelf —— and transform into Sir *Rowland?*

Wait. Why, Sir; it will be impoſſible I ſhou'd remember my ſelf —— Marry'd, Knighted and attended all in one Day! 'Tis enough to make any Man forget himſelf. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former ſelf; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell.* Nay, I ſhan't be quite the ſame *Waitwell* neither —— for now I remember me, I'm marry'd, and can't be my own Man again.

Ay there's my Grief; that's the ſad Change of Life;
To loſe my Title, and yet keep my Wife.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Wiſhfort's *Houſe.*

Lady Wiſhfort *at her Toilet,* Peg *waiting.*

Lady. MErciful, no News of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam.

Lady. I have no more Patience —— If I have not ſent, and my ſelf, 'till I am pale again, there's no Venturing in this Paſtch me the Red —— the Red, do you hear, Sirrah?

heart? An errant Aſh colour, as I'm a Perſon. Look you how this Wench ſtirs! Why doſt thou not fetch me a little Red? Didſt thou not hear me, *Mopſy*?

Peg. The red *Ratafia* does your Ladyſhip mean, or the Cherry-Brandy?

Lady. Ratafia, Fool. No, Fool. Not the *Ratafia*, Fool —— Grant me Patience! I mean the *Spaniſh* Paper, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint, doſt thou underſtand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee? Why doſt thou not ſtir, Puppet? thou wooden Thing upon Wires.

Peg. Lord, Madam, your Ladyſhip is ſo impatient — I cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the Key with her.

Lady. A Pox take you both — Fetch me the Cherry-Brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady Wiſhfort.

I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmiſh* the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding —— Wench, come, come, Wench, what art thou doing, Sipping? Taſting? Save thee, doſt thou not know the Bottle?

SCENE III.

Lady Wiſhfort, Peg *with a Bottle and* China *Cup.*

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a Cup.

Lady. A Cup, ſave thee, and what a Cup haſt thou brought? Did'ſt think to make me a *Fairy*, to drink out of an

an *Acorn*? Why didſt thou not bring thy Thimble? Haſt thou ne'er a Braſs-Thimble clinking in thy Pocket with a bit of Nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill. —— So—again. See who that is——[*One knocks.*] Set down the Bottle firſt——Here, here, under the Table——What, wou'dſt thou go with the Boule in thy Hand like a Tapſter, As I'm a Perſon, this Wench has liv'd in an Inn upon the Road, before ſhe came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Aſturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Lady. O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood*.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Marwood.*

Mrs. Mar. I'm ſurpriſ'd to find your Ladyſhip in *Diſhabille* at this time of Day.

Lady. Foible's a loſt Thing; has been abroad ſince Morning, and never heard of ſince.

Mrs. Mar. I ſaw her but now, as I came mask'd through the Park, in Converſe with *Mirabell*.

Lady. With *Mirabell*! You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning that Traitor. She durſt not have the Confidence. I ſent her to negotiate an Affair, in which if I'm detected, I'm undone. If that wheedling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to betray me, I'm ruin'd. O my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. Mar. O Madam, you cannot ſuſpect Mrs. *Foible*'s Integrity.

Lady. O, he carries Poiſon in his Tongue that would corrupt Integrity it ſelf. If ſhe has given him an Opportunity, ſhe has as good as put her Integrity into his Hands.

Hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity to an Opportunity? —— Hark! I hear her —— Dear Friend, retire into my Closet, that I may examine her with more Freedom —— You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you —— There are Books over the Chimney —— *Quarles* and *Prynn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan*'s Works to entertain you. —— Go, you Thing, and send her in. [*To* Peg.

SCENE V.

Lady Wishfort, Foible.

Lady. O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foib. Madam, I have seen the Party.

Lady. But what hast thou done?

Foib. Nay, 'tis your Ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man so enamour'd —— so transported! Well, if worshipping of Pictures be a Sin —— Poor Sir *Rowland*, I say a Prayer for him.

Lady. The Miniature has been counted like —— But hast thou not been wanting to me, *Foible*? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabell*? —— What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foib. So, the Devil has been beforehand with me. What shall I say? —— Alas, Madam, could I help it, if I met that confident Thing? Was I in Fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladyship's Account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I cou'd have born: But he had a Fling at *your* Ladyship too; and then I cou'd not hold: But i'faith I gave him his own.

Lady. Me? What did the filthy Fellow say?

Foib. O Madam; 'tis a Shame to say what he said — With his Taunts and his Fleers, tossing up his Nose. Humh (says he) what you are a hatching some Plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or Catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded Officer, I warrant——Half Pay is but thin Subsistence (says he)—Well, what Pension does your Lady propose? Let me see (says he) what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and ——————.

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd; I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poison'd in his Wine. I'll send for *Robin* from *Locket*'s——immediately.

Foib. Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, Madam, starve him: marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you wou'd bless your self, to hear what he said.

Lady. A Villain, superannuated!

Foib. Humh (says he) I hear you are laying Designs against me too (says he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my Uncle; (he does not suspect a Word of your Ladyship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old Frippery too (says he) I'll handle you——

Lady. Audacious Villain! handle me; wou'd he durst—Frippery? old Frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd Fellow? I'll be marry'd To-morrow, I'll be contracted To-night.

Foib. The sooner the better, Madam.

Lady. Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say'st thou? when, *Foible*?

Foib. Incontinently, Madam. No new Sheriff's Wife expects the Return of her Husband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear Hour of kissing your Ladyship's Hand after Dinner.

Lady. Frippery? superannuated Frippery! I'll Frippery the Villain; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags: A Tar-

Tatterdemallion —— I hope to see him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Penthouse, or a Gibbet-Thief. A Slander-mouth'd Railer: I warrant the Spendthrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-Day. I'll spoil his Credit with his Tailor. Yes, he shall have my Niece with her Fortune, he shall.

Foib. He! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Black-Friars* for Brass Farthings, with an old Mitten.

Lady. Ay dear *Foible*, thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all Patience. I shall never recompose my Features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

Foib. Your Ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed, Madam. There are some Cracks discernible in the white Varnish.

Lady. Let me see the Glass —— Cracks, say'st thou? Why I am errantly flea'd —— I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my Picture.

Foib. I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you; and now a little of the same Art must make you like your Picture. Your Picture must fit for you, Madam.

Lady. But art thou sure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be Importunate, *Foible*, and push? For if he shou'd not be importunate—I shall never break Decorums—I shall die with Confusion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect Advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Necessity of breaking her Forms. I won't be too coy neither. —— I won't give him Despair —— But a little Disdain is not amiss; a little Scorn is alluring.

Foib.

Foib. A little Scorn becomes your Ladyship.

Lady. Yes, but Tenderneſs becomes me beſt. A ſort of a Dyingneſs. You ſee that Picture has a ſort of ——— Hey, *Foible*? a Swimmingneſs in the Eyes — Yes, I'll look ſo. My Niece affects it; but ſhe wants Features. Is Sir *Rowland* handſom? Let my Toilet be remov'd — I'll dreſs above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* there. Is he handſom? Don't anſwer me. I won't know: I'll be ſurpriz'd. I'll be taken by Surprize.

Foib. By Storm, Madam. Sir *Rowland*'s a brisk Man.

Lady. Is he? O then he'll be importune, if he's a brisk Man. I ſhall ſave Decorums if ſir *Rowland* importunes. I have a monſtrous Terror at the Apprehenſion of offending againſt Decorums. O I'm glad he's a brisk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible*.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Mrs. *Fain.* O *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, leſt I ſhou'd come too late. That Devil, *Marwood*, ſaw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will diſcover it to my Lady.

Foib. Diſcover what, Madam?

Mrs. *Fain.* Nay, nay, put not on that ſtrange Face, I am privy to the whole Deſign, and know that *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this Morning marry'd, is to perſonate *Mirabell*'s Uncle, and as ſuch, winning my Lady, to involve her in thoſe Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only muſt releaſe her, by his making his Conditions to have my Couſin and her Fortune left to her own Diſpoſal.

Foib. O dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladyſhip that was deficient; but I thought the former good Correſpondence between your

Ladyship and Mr. *Mirabell*, might have hinder'd his communicating this Secret.

Mrs. Fain. Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Foib. O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning Gentleman—But your Ladyship is the Pattern of Generosity.——Sweet Lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot choose but be grateful. I find your Ladyship has his Heart still. Now, Madam, I can safely tell your Ladyship our Success; *Mrs. Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd my self. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her; I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to Night, she says; —— I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a *Welsh* Maidenhead.

Mrs. Fain. O rare *Foible!*

Foib. Madam, I beg your Ladyship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him —— besides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me. —— She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her. —— [*Calls.*] *John* —— remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. Fain. I'll go with you up the Back-Stairs, lest I shou'd meet her.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Marwood alone.

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, *Mrs. Engine*, is it thus with you? Are you become a Go-between of this Importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this Wench is the Pa-

ternal

par toute, a very Maſter-Key to every Body's Strong-Box. My Friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it ſo ſwimmingly? I thought there was ſomething in it; but it ſeems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from a Want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit. Elſe you could never be ſo cool to fall from a Principal to be an Aſſiſtant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generoſity, that I confeſs. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your Match. —— O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Aſs: If I were a Painter, I would draw him like an Idiot, a Driveler with Bib and Bells. Man ſhou'd have his Head and Horns, and Woman the reſt of him. Poor ſimple Fiend! Madam *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her —— 'Twere better for him you had not been his Confeſſor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counſel cloſer. I ſhall not prove another Pattern of Generoſity — he has not oblig'd me to that with thoſe Exceſſes of himſelf; and now I'll have none of him: Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymiſt upon the Day of Projection.

SCENE VIII.

[*To her*] *Lady* Wiſhfort.

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, what ſhall I ſay for this rude Forgetfulneſs —— But my dear Friend is all Goodneſs.

Mrs. *Mar*. No Apologies, dear Madam, I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady. As I'm a Perſon I am in a very Chaos to think I ſhould ſo forget my ſelf — But I have ſuch an Olio of Affairs really I know not what to do —— [*Calls.*] —— *Foible* —— I expect my Nephew Sir *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too: —— Why *Foible* —— He means to travel for Improvement.

Mrs. *Mar*.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Sir *Wilfull* shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of Forty.

Lady. O he's in less Danger of being spoil'd by his Travels — I am against my Nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd Discretion to choose for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Mrs. *Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very usual with young Gentlemen.

Lady. I promise you I have thought on't — And since 'tis your Judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your Judgment extremely. On my Word I'll propose it.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] Foible.

Lady. Come, come, *Foible* — I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner — I must make haste.

Foib. Mr. *Witwood* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladyship.

Lady. O dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood*, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable Haste. Dear Friend, excuse me.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Marwood, *Mrs.* Millamant, Mincing.

Mill. Sure never any thing was so unbred as that filthy Mincing — *Marwood*, your Servant.

Mrs. Mar.

Mrs. *Mar.* You have a Colour, what's the matter?

Milla. That horrid Fellow, *Petulant*, has provok'd me into a Flame—I have broke my Fan—*Mincing*, lend me yours; is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

Mrs. *Mar.* No. What has he done?

Milla. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry thing that has been said. For my Part, I thought *Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

Minc. I vow, Mem, I thought once they would have fit.

Milla. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the Liberty of chusing one's Acquaintance as one does one's Clothes.

Mrs. *Mar.* If we had that Liberty, we shou'd be as weary of one Set of Acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one Suit, tho' never so fine. A Fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Variety.

Milla. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but Fools never wear out—They are such *Drap-de-berry* Things! Without one cou'd give 'em to one's Chamber-maid after a Day or two.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the Play-house? A fine gay glossy Fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking Habit, after the Masquerade is over, and we have done with the Disguise. For a Fool's Visit is always a Disguise; and never admitted by a Woman of Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Sense. If you wou'd but appear barefac'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as easily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your Hood and Scarf. And indeed, 'tis time, for the Town has found it: The Secret is grown too big for the Pretence. 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly*'s great Belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her Hips. Indeed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammel* can her Face, that goodly Face, which in Defiance of her Rhenish-wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Mask.

Milla.

Milla. I'll take my Death, *Marwood*, you are more censorious than a decay'd Beauty, or a discarded Toast; *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dressing here; their Folly is less provoking than your Malice.

SCENE XI.

Millamant, Marwood.

Milla. The Town has found it! What has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you discover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reason why you discover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are nettled.

Milla. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Fan, if you don't mitigate those violent Airs.

Milla. O silly! Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell*! His Constancy to me has quite destroy'd his Complaisance for all the World beside. I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy ——— If I had the Vanity to think he wou'd obey me, I wou'd command him to shew more Gallantry ——— 'Tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own Way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear Creature, I must laugh, Ha, ha, ha! Tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis so much fine Raillery, and delivered with so significant Gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

Milla. Ha! Dear Creature, I ask your Pardon ——— I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think it a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you ———

Milla.

Milla. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it —— Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. *Mar.* That I detest him, hate him, Madam.

Milla. O Madam, why so do I — And yet the Creature loves me, Ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it —— I am a Sibyl if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handsomer — and within a Year or two as young —— If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake you ——— But that cannot be. ——— Well, that Thought makes me melancholick. — Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. *Mar.* Your merry Note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

Milla. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] Mincing.

Minc. The Gentlemen stay but to comb, Madam, and will wait on you.

Milla. Desire Mrs. —— that is in the next Room to sing the Song I wou'd have learnt Yesterday. You shall hear it, Madam —— Not that there's any great Matter in it —— But 'tis agreeable to my Humour.

SONG.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

LOve's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A sickly Flame, which, if not fed, expires,
And feeding, wastes in Self-consuming Fires.

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy,
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties sigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the Conquest prize,
When I insult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see
That Heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SCENE XIII.

[*For them* Petulant, Witwoud.

Mira. Is your Animosity compos'd, Gentlemen?

Wit. Raillery, Raillery, Madam; we have no Animosity—We hit off a little Wit now and then, but no Animosity—The Falling out of Wits is like the Falling-out of Lovers—— We agree in the main, like Treble and Base. Ha, *Petulant?*

Pet. Ay, in the main—But when I have a Humour to contradict——

Wit. Ay, when he has a Humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contradict one another like two Battle dores: For Contradictions beget one another like *Jews.*

Pet. If he says Black's Black——if I have a Humour to say 'tis Blue——Let that pass——All's one for that. If I have a Humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Wit. Not positively must——But it may——it may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon Proof positive.

Wit. Ay, upon Proof positive it must; but upon Proof

pre-

presumptive it only may. That's a Logical Distinction now, Madam.

Mrs. *Mar.* I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one thing, and Learning's another; but a Debate's a Debate, that I assert.

Wit. Petulant's an Enemy to Learning; he relies altogether on his Parts.

Pet. No, I'm no Enemy to Learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. *Mar.* That's a Sign indeed 'tis no Enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, 'tis no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

Milla. Well, an illiterate Man's my Aversion: I wonder at the Impudence of any illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

Wit. That I confess I wonder at too.

Milla. Ah! to marry an Ignorant! that can hardly Read or Write.

Pet. Why should a Man be any further from being marry'd, tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The Ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the Parish-Priest for reading the Ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both Cases, a Man may do it without Book ——— So all's one for that.

Milla. D'ye hear the Creature? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone.

SCENE XIV.

Sir Wilfull Witwoud *in a Riding-Dress,* Mrs. Marwood, Petulant, Witwoud, Footman.

Wit. In the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. *Mar.*

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your Brother, I fansy. Don't you know him?

Wit. Not I ——— Yes, I think it is he —— I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my Lady's dressing. Here's Company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir *Wil.* Dressing! What, 'tis but Morning here I warrant, with you in *London*; we thou'd count it towards Afternoon in our Parts, down in *Shropshire* —— Why then, belike, my Aunt han't din'd yet — Ha, Friend?

Foot. Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* My Aunt, Sir; yes, my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir ——— Why, what dost thou not know me, Friend? Why then send some Body hither that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

Foot. A Week, Sir; longer than any Body in the House, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir *Wil.* Why then belike thou dost not know thy Lady, if thou see'st her, ha, Friend?

Foot. Why truly, Sir, I cannot safely swear to her Face in a Morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd Guess at her by this time.

Sir *Wil.* Well, pr'ythee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, dost hear, Fellow? And tell her, her Nephew, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, is in the House.

Foot. I shall, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Hold ye, hear me, Friend; a Word with you in your Ear; pr'ythee who are these Gallants?

Foot. Really, Sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

Sir Wilfull Witwoud, Petulant, Witwoud, *Mrs.* Marwood.

Sir *Wil.* Oons this Fellow knows leſs than a Starling; I don't think a knows his own Name.

Mrs. *Mar.* Mr. *Witwoud*, your Brother is not behind-hand in Forgetfulneſs ——— I fanſy he has forgot you too.

Wit. I hope ſo ——— The Devil take him that remembers firſt, I ſay.

Sir *Wil.* Save you, Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. *Mar.* For Shame, Mr. *Witwoud*; why won't you ſpeak to him? ——— And you, Sir.

Wit. Petulant, ſpeak.

Pet. And you, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* No Offence, I hope. [*Salutes* Marwood.

Mrs. *Mar.* No ſure, Sir.

Wit. This is a vile Dog, I ſee that already. No Offence! Ha, ha, ha! to him; to him, *Petulant*, ſmoke him.

Pet. It ſeems as if you had come a Journey, Sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*

Sir *Wil.* Very likely, Sir, that it may ſeem ſo. ———

Pet. No Offence, I hope, Sir.

Wit. Smoke the Boots, the Boots; *Petulant*, the Boots! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Wil.* May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

Pet. Sir, I preſume upon the Information of your Boots.

Sir *Wil.* Why, 'tis like you may, Sir. If you are not ſatisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will ſtep to the Stable, you may enquire further of my Horſe, Sir.

Pet.

Pet. Your Horſe, Sir! Your Horſe is an Aſs, Sir!

Sir *Wil.* Do you ſpeak by way of Offence, Sir?

Mrs. Mar. The Gentleman's merry, that's all; Sir — S'life, we ſhall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horſe and an Aſs, before they find one another out. You muſt not take any thing amiſs from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends here, tho' it may be you don't know it —— If I am not miſtaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*.

Sir *Wil.* Right, Lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, ſo I write my ſelf; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the Lady *Wishfort* of this Manſion.

Mrs. Mar. Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Hum! What, ſure 'tis not — Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis —— 'Sheart, I know not whether 'tis or no —— Yea, but 'tis, by the *Rubin*. Brother *Anthony*! What *Tony*, i'faith! What doſt thou not know me? By'r Lady, nor I thee, thou art ſo Becravated, and ſo Beperiwig'd —— 'Sheart, why doſt not ſpeak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

Wit. Odſo, Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir *Wil.* Your Servant! Why yours, Sir. Your Servant again — 'Sheart, and your Friend and Servant to that — And a — (*puff*) and a Flap Dragon for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; and you be ſo cold and ſo courtly!

Wit. No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence —— A Pox, is this your Inns o' Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders and your Betters?

Wit. Why, Brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as ſhort as a *Shrewsbury* Cake, if you pleaſe. But I tell you 'tis not modiſh to know Relations in Town. You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers ſalute and kiſs one another when they meet, like a Cell of Serjeants —— 'Tis not the Faſhion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir *Wil.* The Faſhion's a Fool; and you're a

Brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this — By'r Lady, I conjectur'd you were a Fop, since you began to change the Style of your Letters, and write in a Scrap of Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpœna*. I might expect this when you left off, Honour'd Brother; and hoping you are in good Health, and so forth — To begin with a Ran-me, Knight, I'm sick of a late Night's Debauch — O'ds Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a Bottle, and so conclude ——— You could write News before you were out of your Time, when you liv'd with honest *Pumpkin Nose*, the Attorney of *Furnival's* Inn — You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends 'round the *Rekin*. We could have Gazettes then, and *Dawks's* Letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late Days.

Pet. 'Slife, *Witwoud*, were you ever an Attorney's Clerk? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*. Ha, ha, ha!

Wit. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that Man to come to *London*. He had the Disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound Prentice to a Felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your Time; and now you may set up for your self.

Mrs. *Mar.* You intend to travel, Sir, as I'm informed.

Sir *Wil.* Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt Seas, if my Mind hold.

Pet. And the Wind serve.

Sir *Wil.* Serve or not serve, I don't ask License of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Discourse to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam ——— Yes, I have fee'd my Councels, I may say now, and am minded to see Foreign

Foreign Parts. If an how that the Peace holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had defigned for *France* at all Adventures.

Sir *Wil.* I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a Resolution — because when I make it I keep it. I don't ſtand ſhill I, ſhall I, then; if I ſay't, I'll do't: But I have Thoughts to tarry a ſmall matter in Town, to learn ſomewhat of your *Lingo* firſt, before I croſs the Seas. I'd gladly have a ſpice of your *French* as they ſay, whereby to hold Diſcourſe in Foreign Countries.

Mrs. *Mar.* Here's an Academy in Town for that Uſe.

Sir *Wil.* There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. *Mar.* No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

Wit. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* Skipper from a Whale-fiſhing.

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] *Lady* Wilfort *and* Fainall.

Lady. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your Servant.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull*, your moſt faithful Servant.

Sir *Wil.* Couſin *Fainall*, give me your Hand.

Lady. Couſin *Witwoud*, your Servant; Mr. *Petulant*, your Servant — Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your Journey, Nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almoſt ready.

Sir *Wil.* I'm very well, I thank you, Aunt — However, I thank you for your courteous Offer. 'Shrew me, I was afraid you would have been in the Faſhion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your Relations. Here's your Couſin

Cousin *Tony*, belike, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of Offence.

Lady. O he's a Railier, Nephew—My Cousin's a Wit: And your great Wits always rally their best Friends to chooſe. When you have been abroad, Nephew, you'll underſtand Raillery better.

[Fain. *and Mrs.* Marwood *talk apart.*

Sir *Wil*. Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean time; and rail when that Day comes.

SCENE XVII.

[*To them*] Mincing.

Minc. Mem, I come to acquaint your Laſhip that Dinner is impatient.

Sir *Will*. Impatient? Why then belike it won't ſtay till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of Slippers?—My Man's with his Horſes, I warrant.

Lady. Fy, fy, Nephew, you would not pull off your Boots here—Go down into the Hall—Dinner ſhall ſtay for you—My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam—Gentlemen, will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. *Mar*. I'll follow you, Madam—before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

SCENE XVIII.

Marwood, Fainall.

Fain. Why then *Faible*'s a Bawd, an errant, rank, March-making Bawd. And I it ſeems am a Huſband, a Rank-Huſband; and my Wife a very Errant, Rank-Wife,

Wife, ——— all in the Way of the *World*. 'Sdeath, to be a Cuckold by Anticipation, a Cuckold in Embrio! Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child. 'Sdeath to be out-witted, to be out-jilted —— out-Matrimony'd, —— If I had kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere somewhat — but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be outstripp'd by my Wife——— 'tis scurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. *Mar.* Then shake it off, you have often wish'd for an Opportunity to part; —— and now you have it. But first prevent their Plot, —— the Half of *Millamant*'s Fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Damn him, that had been mine —— had you not made that fond Discovery ——— That had been forfeited, had they been married. My Wife had added Lustre to my Horns, by that Increase of Fortune, I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Forehead had been furnish'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's Hall.

Mrs. *Mar.* They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you still, if you can away with your Wife. And she's no worse than when you had her —— I dare swear she had given up her Game, before she was marry'd.

Fain. Hum! That may be ———

Mrs. *Mar.* You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The Means, the Means.

Mrs. *Mar.* Discover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct; threaten to part with her ———My Lady loves her, and will come to any Composition to save her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, just upon the Discovery of this Imposture. My Lady will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and sacrifice Niece, and Fortune, and all at that Conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she should flag in her Part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain.

Fain. Faith, this has an Appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour Match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull*, that may be n Obstacle.

Fain. O, for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll isable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*: After Dinner, I'll set his Hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well, how do you stand affected towards our Lady?

Fain. Why faith, I'm thinking of it. —— Let me ee —— I am marry'd already; so that's over —— My Wife has plaid the Jade with me —— Well, that's over too —— I never lov'd her; or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time —— Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of Jealousy. Weary of her I am, and shall be —— No, there's no end of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repose. Now for my Reputation. —— As to my own, I marry'd not for it; so that's out of the Question. —— And as to my Part in my Wife's —— Why, she had parted with hers before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all Rule of Play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. Mar. Besides you forget, Marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! Faith, and that's well thought on; Marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should Cuckoldom be a Discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a Root?

Mrs. Mar. Nay, I know not; if the Root be honourable, why not the Branches?

Fain. So, so, why this Point's clear. —— Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a Letter which shall be deliver'd to my Lady at the time when that Rascal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her, It shall come as from

an unknown Hand — for the life I appear to know of the Trade, the better I can play the Incendiary. Besides, I would not have Fitzpatrick prevail, if I could help it — because you know she knows some Passages — Nay, I expect all will come out — But let the Mine be spring first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst — I'll turn my Wife to Grass — I have already a Deed of Settlement of the best Part of her Estate, which I wheedl'd out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll be no more jealous?

Fain. Jealous, no — by this Kiss — Let Husbands be Jealous; but let the Lover still believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear, by Examining, the Joy that follows, when he proves his Mistress true. But let Husbands Doubts convert to endless Jealousy, or if they have Belief, let it corrupt to Superstition, and blind Credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll disown the Order. And since I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Crest.

All Husbands must, or Pain, or Shame, endure:
The Wise may jealous are, Fools are sure.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

Lady. IS Sir *Rowland* coming, say'st thou, *Foible?* and are things in Order?

Foib. Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-Lights in the Sconces; and plac'd the Footmen in a Row in the Hall, in their best Liveries, with the Coachmen and Postillion to fill up the Equipage.

Lady. Have you pulvill'd the Coachmen and Postillion, that they may not stink of the Stable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

Foib. Yes, Madam.

Lady. And are the Dancers and the Musick ready, that he may be entertain'd in all Points with Correspondence to his Passion?

Foib. All is ready, Madam.

Lady. And——well——and how do I look, *Foible?*

Foib. Most killing well, Madam.

Lady. Well, and how shall I receive him? In what Figure shall I give his Heart the first Impression? There is a great deal in the first Impression. Shall I sit——No, I won't sit——I'll walk——ay, I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him——No, that will be too sudden; I'll lie——ay, I'll lie down——I'll receive him in my little Dressing-Room, there's a Couch——Yes, yes, I'll give the first Impression on Couch.

Couch — I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow; with one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way ——— Yes —— and then as soon as he appears, ſtart, ay, ſtart and be ſurpriz'd, and riſe to meet him in a pretty Diſorder —— Yes —— O, nothing is more alluring than a Levee from a Couch in ſome Confuſion —— It ſhews the Foot to Advantage, and furniſhes with Bluſhes, and recompoſing Airs beyond Compariſon. Hark! There's a Coach.

Foib. 'Tis he, Madam.

Lady. O dear, has my Nephew made his Addreſſes to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

Foib. Sir *Wilfull* is ſet in to Drinking, Madam, in the Parlour.

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll ſend him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll ſend him as I go — When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland*.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Millamant, *Mrs.* Fainall, Foible.

Foib. Madam, I ſtay'd here, to tell your Ladyſhip that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leiſure?

Mills. No —— What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuſe myſelf —— bid him come another time.

There never yet was Woman made,
Nor ſhall, but to be curs'd.

[*Repeating, and walking about.*

That's hard!

Mrs. Fain.

Mrs. *Fain.* You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to Day, *Millamant*, and the Poets.

Milla. He? Ay, and filthy Verſes —— So I am.

Foib. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, Madam. Shall I ſend Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Milla. Ay, if you pleaſe, *Foible*, ſend him away —— Or ſend him hither —— juſt as you will, dear *Foible*. —— I think I'll ſee him —— Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

Thyrſis, *a Youth of the Inſpir'd Train.*

[*Repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull* —— Thou haſt Philoſophy to undergo a Fool, thou art marry'd and haſt Patience —— I would conſer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. *Fain.* I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your Proxy in this Affair; but I have Buſineſs of my own.

SCENE III.

[*To them*] Sir Wilfull.

Mrs. *Fain.* O Sir *Wilfull*, you are come at the Critical Inſtant. There's your Miſtreſs up to the Ears in Love and Contemplation, purſue your Point, now or never.

Sir *Wil.* Yes; my Aunt will have it ſo —— I would gladly have been encourag'd with a Bottle or two, becauſe I'm ſomewhat wary at firſt, before I am acquainted; —— [*This while* Millamant *walks about repeating to herſelf.*] —— But I hope, after a time, I ſhall break my Mind —— that is, upon further Acquaintance —— So for the preſent, Couſin, I'll take my Leave —— If ſo be you'll be ſo kind to make my Excuſe, I'll return to my Company ——

Mrs. Fain. O fy, Sir Wilfull! What, you muſt not be daunted.

Sir Wil. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not ſo much for that—for if ſo be that I ſet on't, I'll do't. But only for the preſent, 'tis ſufficient 'till further Acquaintance, that's all——your Servant.

Mrs. Fain. Nay, I'll ſwear you ſhall never loſe ſo favourable an Opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the Door.

SCENE IV.

Sir Wilfull, Millamant.

Sir Wil. Nay, nay Couſin——I have forgot my Gloves——What d'ye do? 'Sheart, a'has lock'd the Door indeed, I think——Nay, Couſin Fainall, open the Door——Piſhaw, what a Vixon Trick is this?——Nay, now a'has ſeen me too——Couſin, I made bold to paſs thro' as it were——I think this Door's inchanted——

Milla. [Repeating]

I pr'ythee ſpare me, gentle Boy,
Preſs me no more for that ſlight Toy.

Sir Wil. Anan? Couſin, your Servant.

Milla. ——*That ſoolish Trifle of a Heart*——Sir Wilfull!

Sir Wil. Yes——your Servant. No Offence I hope, Couſin.

Milla. [Repeating]

I ſwear it will not do its Part,
Tho' thou dost think, intbly ſt thy Power and Art.

Natural, eaſy Suckling!

Sir Wil. Anan? Suckling? No ſuch Suckling, neither, Couſin, nor Stripling: I thank Heav'n, I'm no Minor.

Milla.

Milla. Ah Ruſtick, ruder than *Gothick*.

Sir *Wil.* Well, well, I ſhall underſtand your *Lingo*, one of theſe Days, Couſin. In the mean while I muſt anſwer in plain *Engliſh*.

Milla. Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir *Wilfull*?

Sir *Wil.* Not at preſent, Couſin ——Yes, I made bold to ſee, to come and know if that how you were diſpos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if ſo be that I might not be troubleſome, I would have fought a Walk with you.

Milla. A Walk! What then?

Sir *Wil.* Nay nothing——Only for the Walk's ſake, that's all——

Milla. I naufeate Walking; 'tis a Country Diverſion, I loathe the Country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir *Wil.* Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may —— Here are choice of Paſtimes here in Town, as Plays and the like, that muſt be confeſs'd indeed——

Milla. Ah *Barbarick*! I hate the Town too.

Sir *Wil.* Dear Heart, that's much —— Hah! that you ſhould hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are ſome can't reliſh the Town, and others can't away with the Country —— 'tis like you may be one of thoſe, Couſin.

Milla. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may.—You have nothing further to ſay to me?

Sir *Wil.* Not at preſent, Couſin. —— 'Tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private —— I may break my Mind in ſome meaſure —— I conjecture you paſſing gueſs —— However, that's as time ſhall try —— But ſpare to ſpeak and ſpare to ſpeed, as they ſay.

Milla. If it is of ſo great Importance, Sir *Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have juſt now a little Buſineſs ——

Sir *Wil.* Enough, enough, Couſin: Yes, yes, all's Caſe when you're diſpos'd, when you're diſpos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's

All's one for that — Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold as they say —— Cousin, your Servant —— I think this Door's lock'd.

Milla. You may go this way, Sir.

Sir Wil. Your Servant, then with your leave I'll return to my Company. ——

Milla. Ay, ay; Ha, ha, ha!

Like Phœbus *sung the no less am'rous Boy.*

SCENE V.

Millamant, Mirabell.

Mira. —— *Like* Daphne *she, as Lovely and as Coy.* Do you lock your self up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd, to signify that here the Chase must end, and my Pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further? ——

Milla. Vanity! No —— I'll fly and be follow'd to the last Moment, tho' I am upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you should lay Baits for me still, as much as if I were wavering at the Grate of a Monastery, with one Foot over the Threshold. I'll be lolicited to the very last, nay and afterwards.

Mira. What, after the last?

Milla. O, I don't think I'd stir a Step, and had nothing to before, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Life; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Solicitation.

Mira. But do not you know, that when Favours are confer'd upon instant, and tedious Solicitation, that they diminish in their Value, and that both the Giver loses the Grace, and the Receiver lessens his Pleasure?

Milla. It may be in things of common Application; but never sure in Love. O, I hate a Lover that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty

Bounty of his Miſtreſs. There is not ſo impudent a Thing in Nature, as the ſaucy Look of an aſſured Man, confident of Succeſs. The Pedantick Arrogance of a very Husband, has not ſo Pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unleſs I am firſt made ſure of my Will and Pleaſure.

Mira. Wou'd you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the firſt now, and ſtay for the other 'till after Grace?

Milla. Ah! don't be impertinent —— My dear Liberty, ſhall I leave thee? my faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, muſt I bid you then Adieu? Ay-h adieu —— My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, all ye *Douceurs*, ye *Sommeils du Matin*, adieu. —— I can't do't, 'tis more than impoſſible —— Poſitively, *Mirabell*, I'll lie a bed in a Morning as long as I pleaſe.

Mira. Then I'll get up in a Morning as early as I pleaſe.

Milla. Ah! idle Creature, get up when you will —— And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd Names after I'm marry'd; poſitively I won't be call'd Names.

Mira. Names!

Milla. Ay, as Wife, Spouſe, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the reſt of that nauſeous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are ſo fulſomly familiar —— I ſhall never bear that —— Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiſs before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go to *Hide Park* together the firſt *Sunday* in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whiſpers, and then never be ſeen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the firſt Week, and aſham'd of one another ever after. Let us never Visit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very ſtrange and well-bred: Let us be as ſtrange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well-bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

Mira. Have you any more Conditions to offer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reasonable.

Mill. Trifles — As Liberty to pay and receive Visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive Letters, without Interrogatories or wry Faces on your Part; to wear what I please; and chuse Conversation with regard only to my own Taste; to have no Obligation upon me to converse with Wits that I don't like, because they are your Acquaintance; or to be intimate with Fools, because they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I please; dine in my Dressing-room when I'm out of Humour, without giving a Reason. To have my Closet inviolate; to be sole Empress of my Tea-Table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And, lastly, where-ever I am, you shall always knock at the Door before you come in. These Articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a Wife.

Mira. Your Bill of Fare is something advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have I Liberty to offer Conditions ——— That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarg'd into a Husband.

Mill. You have free Leave; propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

Mira. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex; no She Friend to skreen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual Secrecy. No Decoy-duck to wheedle you a *fop-scrambling* to the Play in a Mask — Then bring you home in a pretended Fright, when you think *you* shall be found out —— And rail at me for missing the Play, and disappointing the Frolick which you had to pick me up, and prove my Constancy.

Mill. Detestable *Imprimis*! I go to the Play in a Mask!

Mira.

Mira. Item, I article that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I shall: And while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins, and I know not what —— Hogs Bones, Hares Gall, Pig-Water, and the Marrow of a roasted Cat. In short, I forbid all Commerce with the Gentlewoman in *what-d'ye call-it* Court. *Item*, I shut my Doors against all Bawds with Baskets, and Pennyworths of *Muslin*, *China*, *Fans*, *Atlasses*, &c. —— *Item*, when you shall be Breeding ——

Milla. Ah! name it not.

Mira. Which may be presum'd with a Blessing on our Endeavours ——

Milla. Odious Endeavours!

Mira. I denounce against all strait Lacing, squeezing for a Shape, 'till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sugar-loaf; and instead of a Man-Child, make me Father on a Crooked-billet. Lastly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-Table* I submit. —— But with *Proviso*, that you exceed not in your Province; but restrain your self to native and simple *Tea-Table* Drinks, as *Tea*, *Chocolate*, and *Coffee*. As likewise to genuine and authoriz'd *Tea-Table* Talk —— Such as mending of Fashions, spoiling Reputations, railing at absent Friends, and so forth —— But that on no Account you encroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and presume to drink Healths, or toast Fellows; for prevention of which I banish all *Foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy*, all *Anniseed*, *Cinnamon*, *Citron* and *Barbadoes-Waters*, together with *Ratafia*, and the most noble Spirit of *Clary*. —— But for *Cowslip-Wine*, *Poppy Water*, and all *Dormitives*, those I allow. —— These *Provisos* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying Husband.

Milla. O horrid *Provisos*! filthy Strong-waters! I toast Fellows! Odious Men! I hate your odious *Provisos*.

Mira.

Mira. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your Hand upon the Contract? And here comes one to be a Witness to the Sealing of the Deed.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Fainall.

Mills. Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ay, ay, take him, take him, what shou'd you do?

Mills. Well then —— I'll take my Death I'm in a horrid Fright —— *Fainall*, I shall never say it —— Well —— I think —— I'll endure you.

Mrs. *Fain.* Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain Terms: For I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mills. Are you? I think I have —— and the horrid Man looks as if he thought so too —— Well, you ridiculous Thing you, I'll have you —— I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd —— Here, kiss my Hand tho' —— So, hold your Tongue now, don't say a Word.

Mrs. *Fain. Mirabell*, there's a Necessity for your Obedience; —— You have neither Time to talk nor stay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conscience if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to Sir *Rowland*, who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your Extasies for another Occasion, and slip down the Back-Stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Mills. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all Obedience.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Millamant, *Mrs.* Fainall.

Mrs. *Fain.* Yonder Sir *Wilfull*'s drunk, and ſo noiſy that my Mother has been forc'd to leave Sir *Rowland* to appeaſe him; but he anſwers her only with Singing and Drinking —— What they may have done by this time I know not: but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Milla. Well, if *Mirabell* ſhou'd not make a good Husband, I am a loſt thing —— for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. *Fain.* So it ſeems: for you mind not what's ſaid to you. —— If you doubt him, you had beſt take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

Milla. How can you name that ſuperannuated Lubber? Foh!

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] Witwoud *from Drinking.*

Mrs. *Fain.* So, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Wit. Left 'em? I cou'd ſtay no longer ——— I have laugh'd like ten Chriſtnings —— I am tipſy with Laughing —— If I had ſtaid any longer I ſhou'd have burſt, —— I muſt have been let out and piec'd in the Sides like an unfiz'd Camlet —— Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd; my Lady came in like a *Noli proſequi*, and ſtopp'd the Proceedings.

Milla.

Milla. What was the Diſpute?

Wit. That's the Jeſt, there was no Diſpute. They cou'd neither of 'em ſpeak for Rage, and ſo fell a ſputt'ring at one another like two roaſting Apples.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] Petulant *drunk.*

Wit. Now, *Petulant*, all's over, all's well. Gad my Head begins to whim it about —— Why doſt thou not ſpeak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fiſh.

Pet. Look you, Mrs. *Millamant* —— if you can love me, dear Nymph —— ſay it —— and that's the Concluſion —— Pals on, or pals off —— that's all.

Wit. Thou haſt utter'd *Volumes*, *Folio's*, in leſs than *Decimo Sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an Epitomizer of Words.

Pet. Witwoud —— You are an Annihilator of Senſe.

Wit. Thou art a Retailer of Phraſes; and doſt deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a Maker of Pincuſhions —— Thou art in Truth (metaphorically ſpeaking) a Speaker of Short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a Figure) juſt one half of an Aſs, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy Half-Brother, is the reſt. —— A *Gemini* of Aſſes ſplit wou'd make juſt four of you.

Wit. Thou doſt bite, my dear Muſtard-ſeed; kiſs me for that.

Pet. Stand off —— I'll kiſs no more Males —— I have kiſs'd your *Twin* yonder in a Humour of Reconciliation, till he [*Pierce*] riſes upon my Stomach like a Radiſh.

Milla. Eh! ſtinky Creature —— What was the Quarrel?

Pet. There was no Quarrel —— There might have been a Quarrel.

Wit.

Wit. If there had been Words enow between 'em to have expreſs'd Provocation, they had gone together by the Ears like a Pair of Caſtanets.

Pet. You were the Quarrel.

Milla. Me!

Pet. If I have a Humour to quarrel, I can make leſs Matters conclude Premiſes. —— If you are not handſom, what then; if I have a Humour to prove it? If I ſhall have my Reward, ſay ſo; if not, fight for your Face the next time your ſelf —— I'll go ſleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thy ſelf up like a *Wood-louſe*, and dream Revenge —— And hear me, if thou canſt learn to write by to morrow Morning, pen me a Challenge —— I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your Miſtreſs's *Monkey* a *Spider* —— go flea Dogs, and read Romances —— I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. *Fain.* He's horridly drunk —— How came you all in this Pickle?

Wit. A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the Knight —— Your Husband's Advice; but he ſneak'd off.

SCENE X.

Sir Wilfull *drunk*, *Lady* Wiſhfort, Witwoud, Millamant, *Mrs.* Fainall.

Lady. Out upon't, out upon't, at Years of Diſcretion, and comport your ſelf at this Rantipole Rate.

Sir *Wil.* No Offence, Aunt.

Lady. Offence? As I'm a Perſon, I'm aſham'd o[f] —— Fogh! how you ſtink of Wine! D'ye th[ink] Niece will ever endure ſuch a *Beaſt*? yo[u're] an abſolute *Beaſt*.

Sir

Sir *Wil. Boracbie!*

Lady. At a time when you shou'd commence an Amour, and put your best Foot foremost ——

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill —— Give me more Drink, and take my Purse.

[Sings.] *Pr'ythee fill me the Glass*
'Till it laugh in my Face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a Lass
Is an ignorant Ass,
For a Bumper has not it's Fellow.

But if you wou'd have me marry my Cousin —— Say the Word, and I'll do't —— *Wilfull* will do't, that's the Word —— *Wilfull* will do't, that's my Crest —— my Motto I have forgot.

Lady. My Nephew's a little overtaken, Cousin —— but 'tis with drinking your Health —— O' my Word you are oblig'd to him.

Sir *Wil. In vino veritas*, Aunt; —— If I drunk your Health to day, Cousin —— I am a *Boracbie*. But if you have a mind to be marry'd, say the Word, and send for the Piper; *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other Round —— *Tony*, Od's heart, where's *Tony*? —— *Tony*'s an honest Fellow; but he spits after a Bumper, and that's a Fault.

[Sings.] *We'll Antick, and we'll Frolick, boys Rant, Boys;*
Put the Glass thus around with the Sun, Boys,
Let Apollo's Example invite us;
For he's drunk every Night
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honest Soaker; he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, Aunt, I touch at

your

your *Antipodes*——Your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort of topsy-turvy Fellows — If I had a Bumper, I'd stand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em. — A Match, or no Match, Cousin, with the hard Name —— Aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If she has her Maidenhead, let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own Counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the Nine Months End.

Mill. Your Pardon, Madam, I can stay no longer— Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come Cousin.

SCENE XI.

Lady Wishfort, *Sir* Wilfull, Witwoud, *Mr.* Witwoud, Foible.

Lady. Smells! he would poison a Tallow-chandler and his Family. Beastly Creature, I know not what to do with him — Travel quoth a——ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Sauracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*——for thou art not fit to live in a Christian Commonwealth, thou beastly Pagan.

Sir Wil. Turks, no; no *Turks*, Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the Grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Musselman*, is a dry Stinkard ——— No Offence, Aunt. My Map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a Man as your Christian ——— I cannot find by the Map that your *Mufti* is Orthodox — Whereby it is a plain Case, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and (*bitter*) Greek for Claret.

[Sings.] *To drink is a Christian Diversion,*
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:
Let Mahometan *Fools*
Live by Heathenish Rules,

And

And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and Coffee.
But let British *Lads sing,*
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan *and* Sophy.

Ah, Tony! [Feible whispers Lady Wishfort.

Lady. Sir *Rowland* impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly Tumbril? —— Go lie down and sleep, you Sot — Or as I'm a Person, I'll have you bastinado'd with Broom-sticks. Call up the Wenches with Broom-sticks.

Sir Wil. Ahey! *Wenches*, where are the Wenches?

Lady. Dear Cousin *Witwould*, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of Moment that invades me with some Precipitation — You will oblige me to all Futurity.

Wit. Come, Knight — Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him —— Will you go to a Cock-match?

Sir Wil. With a Wench, *Tony*? Is he a Shake-bag, Sirrah? Let me bite your Cheek for that.

Wit. Horrible! he has Breath like a Bagpipe — Ay, ay, come, will you march, my *Salopian*?

Sir Wil. Lead on, little *Tony* —— I'll follow thee, my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*. Sirrah, thou shalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy Pig,

—— *And a Fig for your* Sultan *and* Sophy.

Lady. This will never do. It will never make a Match —— At least before he has been abroad.

SCENE XII.

Lady Wishfort, Waitwell *disguis'd as for Sir* Rowland.

Lady. Dear Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with Confusion at the Retrospection of my own Rudeness — I have

more

more Pardons to ask than the *Pope* distributes in the Year of *Jubilee*. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an Alliance, — we may unbend the Severity of *Decorum*— and dispense with a little Ceremony.

Wait. My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Transport; — and 'till I have the Possession of your adorable Person, I am tantaliz'd on the Rack; and do but hang, Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

Lady. You have Excess of Galantry, Sir *Rowland*; and press things to a Conclusion with a most prevailing Vehemence. —— But a Day or two for Decency of Marriage. ——

Wait. For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will break my Heart —— or, if that shou'd fail, I shall be poison'd. My Nephew will get an inkling of my Designs, and poison me, — and I would willingly starve him before I die —— I wou'd gladly go out of the World with that Satisfaction. —— That wou'd be some Comfort to me, if I cou'd but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

Lady. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I wou'd contribute much both to the saving of your Life, and the accomplishment of your Revenge —— Not that I respect my self; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

Lady. O Sir *Rowland*, the Hours that he has died away at my Feet, the Tears that he has shed, the Oaths that he has sworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the [illegible] and the [illegible], the Fadors and the Ecstasies, the Kneelings and the Risings, the Heart-heavings and the Hand-grippings, the Pangs and the Pathetick Regards of his protesting Eyes! Oh no Memory can register.

Wait. What, my Rival! Is the Rebel my Rival? a' dies.

Lady. No, don't kill him at once, Sir *Rowland*, starve him gradually, inch by inch.

Wait.

Wait. I'll do't. In three Weeks he ſhall be bareſoot; in a Month out at Knees with begging an Alms —— He ſhall ſtarve upward and upward 'till he has nothing living but his Head, and then go out in a Stink like a Candle's End upon a Save-all.

Lady. Well, Sir *Rowland*, you have the way — You are no Novice in the Labyrinth of Love — You have the Clue — But as I am a Perſon, Sir *Rowland*, you muſt not attribute my Yielding to any ſiniſter Appetite, or Indigeſtion of Widowhood; nor impute my Complacency to any Lethargy of Continence — I hope you do not think me prone to any Iteration of Nuptials. ——

Wait. Far be it from me ——

Lady. If you do, I proteſt I muſt recede — or think that I have made a Proſtitution of *Decorums*; but in the Vehemence of Compaſſion, and to ſave the Life of a Perſon of ſo much Importance ——

Wait. I eſteem it ſo ——

Lady. Or elſe you wrong my Condeſcenſion ——

Wait. I do not, I do not ——

Lady. Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

Lady. If you think the leaſt Scruple of Carnality was an Ingredient ——

Wait. Dear Madam, no. You are all *Complacence* and *Exuberance*, all *Chaſtity* and *Odour*.

Lady. Or elſe ——

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] Foible.

Foib. Madam, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who muſt deliver it into your own Hands.

Lady.

Lady. Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Perſon who would ſuffer Racks in Honour's Cauſe, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you inceſſantly.

SCENE XIV.

Waitwell, Foible.

Wait. Fy, fy! — What a Slavery have I undergone? Spouſe, haſt thou any *Cordial?* I want *Spirits.*

Foib. What a waſhy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hour's Lying and Swearing to a fine Lady?

Wait. O, ſhe is the Antidote to Deſire. Spouſe, thou wilt fare the worſe for't — I ſhall have no Appetite to Iteration of Nuptials — this eight and forty Hours — By this Hand I'd rather be a Chairman in the Dog-days — than act Sir *Rowland* till this time, To-morrow.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] Lady *with a Letter.*

Lady. Call in the Dancers; — Sir *Rowland*, we'll ſit, if you pleaſe, and ſee the Entertainment. [*Dance.*

Now, with your Permiſſion, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruſe my Letter — I would open it in your Preſence, becauſe I would not make you uneaſy. If it ſhould make you uneaſy, I would burn it — ſpeak if it does — but you may ſee the Superſcription is like a Woman's Hand.

Foib. By Heav'n! Mrs. *Marwood's*, I know it, — my Heart akes — get it from her ——— [*To him.*

Wait. A Woman's Hand! No, Madam, that's no Woman's

Woman's Hand. I see that already. That's somebody whose Throat must be cut.

Lady. Nay, Sir *Rowland*, since you give me a Proof of your Passion by your Jealousy, I promise you I'll make a Return, by a frank Communication —— You shall see it ——— we'll open it together —— look you here.

Reads. —— *Madam, though unknown to you,* [Look you there, 'tis from no Body that I know.] —— *I have that Honour for your Character, that I think myself oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir* Rowland, *is a Cheat and a Rascal* ——

Oh Heav'ns! what's this?

Foib. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd.

Wait. How, how, let me see, let me see, —— reading, *A Rascal and disguis'd and suborn'd for that Imposture,* —— O Villany! O Villany! —— *by the Contrivance of* ——

Lady. I shall faint, I shall die, oh!

Foib. Say 'tis your Nephew's Hand. ——— Quickly, his Plot, swear, swear it. ———

Wait. Here's a Villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

Lady. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you so sure. I knew the Hand ——— A Woman's Hand? The Rascal writes a sort of a large Hand; your *Roman* Hand! —— I saw there was a Throat to be cut presently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew, I'd pistol him ———

Foib. O Treachery! But were you sure, Sir *Rowland*, it was his Writing?

Wait. Sure! am I sure of my Life? I doubt I love this Rascal of *Mirabell*. I have many Letters in my Pocket from him in that same Character.

Lady. How's this! —— I hope you are not concern'd in this Villany.

Foib. O what a Villain is Sir *Rowland*, that would perswade my Lady to be false! This was the Business that brought Mr. *Mirabell* disguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this Afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when

when he ſtole by me and would have hid his Face.

Lady. How, how! ——— I heard the Villain was in the Houſe indeed; and now I remember, my Niece was very abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his Addreſſes.

Foib. Then, then, Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladyſhip to diſcompoſe you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland*.

Wait. Enough, his Date is ſhort.

Foib. No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the Law.

Wait. Law! I care not, for Haw! I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cauſe. ——— My Lady ſhall be ſatisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it coſt me my Life.

Lady. No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight; if you ſhould be kill'd I muſt never ſhew my Face; or hang'd! O conſider my Reputation, Sir *Rowland*, ——— No you ſhan't fight, I'll go in and examine my Niece. I'll make her confeſs. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your Love not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd, Madam, I obey. But ſome Proof you muſt let me give you; I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Eſtate, and deliver that into your Hands.

Lady. Ay, dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be ſome Comfort, bring the black Box.

Wait. And may I preſume to bring a Contract to be ſign'd this Night? May I hope ſo much?

Lady. Being what you will, but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Diſcovery.

Wait. Dead or alive, I'll come; and marry me will he in ſpite of Treachery, ay, and get an Heir that ſhall defeat the laſt remaining Glimpſe of Hope in my diſcarded Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow.

Ere long you ſhall ſubſtantial Proof receive
That I'm an errant Knight ———
Foib. Or errant Thief.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE V.

[SCENE *continues.*]

Lady WISHFORT, *and* FOIBLE.

Lady. OUT of my House, out of my House, thou *Viper*, thou Serpent, that I have foster'd; thou bosom Traitress, that I rais'd from nothing——— Begone, begone, begone, go, go,——— That I took from washing of old Gause and weaving dead Hair, with a bleak blue Nose over a Chasing-dish of starv'd Embers, and dining behind a Traver's Rag, in a Shop no bigger than a Birdcage.——— go, go, starve again, do, do.

Foib. Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

Lady. Away, out, out, go, set up for your self again——— do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three-penny-worth of small Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under a Brandy-seller's Bulk, or against a dead Wall by a Ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old *Fridaes-gorget*, with a Yard of yellow *Colberteen* again, do, an old gnaw'd Mask, two Rows of Pins, and a Child's Fiddle; a Glass Necklace with the Beads broken, and a Quilted Night-cap with one Ear. Go, go, drive a Trade.——— These were your Commodities, you treacherous Trull, this was the Merchandise you dealt in, when I took you into my House, plac'd you next my self, and made you Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Nest?

Foib. No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience——— I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduc'd me; I am not the first that he has wheedl'd

with

with his diſſembling Tongue; Your Ladyſhip's own Wiſdom has been deluded by him, then how ſhould I, a poor Ignorant, defend my ſelf? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he aſſur'd me your Ladyſhip ſhould come to no Damage——— Or elſe the Wealth of the *Indies* ſhould not have brib'd me to conſpire againſt ſo good, ſo ſweet, ſo kind a Lady as you have been to me.

Lady. No Damage? What to betray me, to marry me to a Caſt-ſerving-man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hoſpital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage? O thou frontleſs Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Actreſs.

Foib. Pray do but hear me, Madam, he could not marry your Ladyſhip, Madam——— No indeed his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was married to me firſt, to ſecure your Ladyſhip. He could not have bedded your Ladyſhip; for if he had conſummated with your Ladyſhip, he muſt have run the riſque of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy——— Yes indeed, I inquir'd of the Law in that Caſe before I would meddle or make.

Lady. What then I have been your Property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it ſeems,——— while you were catering for *Mirabell*, I have been Broker for you? What, have you made a paſſive Bawd of me?——— this exceeds all Precedent; I am brought to fine Uſes, to become a Botcher of ſecond-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews!* I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baſte you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you, as I'm a Perſon. Your Turtle is in Cuſtody already: You ſhall Coo in the ſame Cage, if there be Conſtable or Warrant in the Pariſh.

Foib. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd,——— a Bride, ay I ſhall be a *Bridewell-Bride*. Oh!

SCENE II.

Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Mrs. *Fain.* Poor *Foible*, what's the matter?

Foib. O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Conſtable; I ſhall be had to a Juſtice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to Priſon already.

Mrs. *Fain.* Have a good Heart, *Foible*, *Mirabell*'s gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my Husband's doing.

Foib. Yes, yes; I know it, Madam; ſhe was in my Lady's Cloſet, and overheard all that you ſaid to me before Dinner. She ſent the Letter to my Lady; and that miſſing Effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this Plot to arreſt *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the Papers; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declar'd all to my Lady.

Mrs. *Fain.* Was there no mention made of me in the Letter? ——— My Mother does not ſuſpect my being in the Confederacy? I fanſy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' ſhe has told my Husband.

Foib. Yes, Madam; but my Lady did not ſee that Part: We ſtifled the Letter before ſhe read ſo far. Has that miſchievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladyſhip then?

Mrs. *Fain.* Ay, all's out, my Affair with *Mirabell*, every thing diſcover'd. This is the laſt Day of our living together, that's my Comfort.

Foib. Indeed Madam, and ſo 'tis a Comfort if you knew all ——— he has been even with your Ladyſhip; which I cou'd have told you long enough ſince, but I love to keep Peace and Quietneſs by my good Will; I had rather bring Friends together, than ſet them at Diſtance.

Diſtance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. *Fain.* Say'ſt thou ſo, *Foible?* Canſt thou prove this?

Foib. I can take my Oath of it, Madam, ſo can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood*, to conceal ſomething that paſſed in our Chamber one Evening when you were at *Hide-Park*; ——— and we were thought to have gone a Walking; But we went up unawares, ——— tho' we were ſworn to Secrecy too; Madam *Marwood* took a Book and ſwore us upon it: But it was but a Book of Poems. ——— So long as it was not a Bible-Oath, we may break it with a ſafe Conſcience.

Mrs. *Fain.* This Diſcovery is the moſt opportune Thing I cou'd wiſh. Now *Mincing?*

SCENE III.

[*To them*] Mincing.

Minc. My Lady would ſpeak with Mrs. *Foible*, *Mem.* Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has ſet your Spouſe at Liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide your ſelf in my Lady's Cloſet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Paſſion at ſomething Mr. *Fainall* has ſaid; he ſwears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane, I vow. He ſays, *Mem*, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. *Fain.* Does your Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc. Yes, *Mem*, they have ſent me to ſee if Sir *Wilfull* be ſober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is reſolv'd to have him, I think, rather than loſe ſuch a

vast Sum as six thousand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. *Fain*. *Foible*, you must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foib. Yes, yes, Madam.

Minc. O yes, *Mem*, I will vouch any thing for your Ladyship's Service, be what it will.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Fainall, *Lady* Wishfort, Marwood.

Lady. O my dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodness? To you I owe the timely Discovery of the false Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impostor Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an Intercessor with my Son-in-law, to save the Honour of my House, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter. Well, Friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad World, or else I would retire to Desarts and Solitudes; and feed harmless Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the World, and retire by our selves and be Shepherdesses.

Mrs. *Mar*. Let us first dispatch the Affair in hand, Madam. We shall have Leisure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the Treaty.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh, and as I may say, another Me, and yet transgress the most minute Particle of severe Virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to Iniquity, who have been cast in the direct Mold of Virtue? I have not only

only been a Mold but a Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World.

Mrs. *Fain.* I don't underſtand your Ladyſhip.

Lady. Not underſtand? Why, have you not been Naught? Have you not been Sophiſticated? Not underſtand? Here I am ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cuckoldoms.* I muſt pawn my Plate and my Jewels, and ruin my Niece, and all little enough---

Mrs. *Fain.* I am wrong'd and abus'd, and ſo are you. 'Tis a falſe Accuſation, as falſe as Hell, as falſe as your Friend there, ay, or your Friend's Friend, my falſe Husband.

Mrs. *Mar.* My Friend, Mrs. *Fainall?* Your Husband my Friend, what do you mean?

Mrs. *Fain.* I know what I mean, Madam, and ſo do you; and ſo ſhall all the World at a Time convenient.

Mrs. *Mar.* I am ſorry to ſee you ſo paſſionate, Madam. More Temper would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am ſorry my Zeal to ſerve your Ladyſhip and Family ſhould admit of Miſconſtruction, or make me liable to Affronts. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not perſonally concern'd.

Lady. O dear Friend, I am ſo aſham'd that you ſhould meet with ſuch Returns;——— You ought to ask Pardon on your Knees, ungrateful Creature; ſhe deſerves more from you, than all your Life can accompliſh——— O don't leave me deſtitute in this Perplexity;——— No, ſtick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. *Fain.* I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd——— Stick to you? ay, like a Leach, to ſuck your beſt Blood ——— ſhe'll drop off when ſhe's full. Madam, you ſhan't pawn a Bodkin, nor part with a Braſs Counter, in Compoſition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aſperſions: I know my own Innocence, and dare ſtand a Trial.

SCENE V.

Lady Wishfort, Marwood.

Lady. Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? ——— I don't know what to think, ——— and I promise you her Education has been unexceptionable ——— I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impress upon her tender Years a young Odium and Aversion to the very Sight of Men, ——— ay, Friend, she wou'd ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a Man, 'till she was in her Teens. As I'm a Person 'tis true ——— She was never suffer'd to play with a Male-Child, tho' but in Coats; Nay her very Babies were of the *Feminine Gender*, ——— O, she never look'd a Man in the Face but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a Woman, by the Help of his long Garments, and his sleek Face; 'till she was going in her Fifteen.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

Lady. I warrant you, or she would never have born to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures against Singing and Dancing, and such Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays; and profane Musick-meetings, where the lewd Trebles squeak nothing but Bawdy, and the Bases roar Blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obscene Play-Book ——— and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be Naught? What, a Whore? and thought it Excommunication to set her Foot within the Door of a Play-house. O dear Friend, I can't believe

ſieve it, no, no; as ſhe ſays, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. *Mar.* Prove it, Madam? What and have your Name proſtituted in a publick Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of bawling Lawyers? To be uſher'd in with an *O Yes* of Scandal; and have your Caſe open'd by an old fumbling Lecher in a Quoif like a Man Midwife, to bring your Daughter's Infamy to light; to be a Theme for legal Punſters, and Quiblers by the Statute; and become a Jeſt againſt a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for a Jeſt in any Record; not even in *Doomſday-Book*: To diſcompoſe the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin*; while the good Judge, tickl'd with the Proceeding, ſimpers under a grey Beard, and fidges off and on his Cuſhion as if he had ſwallow'd *Cantharides*, or ſat upon *Cow-Itch*.

Lady. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. *Mar.* And then to have my young Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes, like Prentices at a Conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before Drawers in an Eating-Houſe.

Lady. Worſe and worſe.

Mrs. *Mar.* Nay, this is nothing: if it would end here 'twere well. But it muſt after this be conſign'd by the ſhort-hand Writers to the publick Preſs; and from thence be tranſferr'd to the Hands, nay, into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounder-man's: And this you muſt hear 'till you are ſtunn'd; nay, you muſt hear nothing elſe for ſome Days.

Lady. O, 'tis inſupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up All, my Self and my All, my Niece and her All —— any thing, every thing for Compoſition.

Mrs. *Mar.* Nay, Madam, I adviſe nothing, I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniences which perhaps you have overſeen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*, if he will be ſatisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I ſhall be glad. You muſt think I would rather congratulate than Condole with you.

SCENE VI.

Fainall, *Lady* Wiſhfort, *Mrs.* Marwood.

Lady. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood:* No, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, Madam; I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you ſhall enjoy your own proper Eſtate during Life; on Condition you oblige your ſelf never to marry, under ſuch Penalty as I think convenient.

Lady. Never to marry?

Fain. No more Sir *Rowland*, ——— the leſt Impoſture may not be ſo timely detected.

Mrs. *Mar.* That Condition, I dare anſwer, my Lady will conſent to, without Difficulty; ſhe has already but too much experienc'd the Perfidiouſneſs of Men. Beſides, Madam, when we retire to our Paſtoral Solitude we ſhall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

Lady. Ay, that's true; but in caſe of Neceſſity; as of Health, or ſome ſuch Emergency ———

Fain. O, if you are preſcrib'd Marriage, you ſhall be conſider'd; I will only preſerve to my ſelf the Power to chuſe for you. If your Phyſick be wholſome, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife ſhall ſettle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made

over

over already; and for her Maintenance depend intirely on my Diſcretion.

Lady. This is moſt inhumanly ſavage; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muſcovite* Husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czariſh* Majeſty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, amongſt other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at preſent practis'd in the Northern Hemiſphere. But this muſt be agreed unto, and that poſitively. Laſtly I will be endow'd, in right of my Wife, with that ſix thouſand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. *Millamant*'s Fortune in your Poſſeſſion; and which ſhe has forfeited (as will appear by the laſt Will and Teſtament of your deceas'd Husband, Sir *Jonathan Wiſhfort*) by her Diſobedience in contracting her ſelf againſt your Conſent or Knowledge; and by refuſing the offer'd Match with Sir *Wilful Witwood*, which you like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

Lady. My Nephew was *non Compos*, and could not make his Addreſſes.

Fain. I come to make Demands —— I'll hear no Objections.

Lady. You will grant me Time to conſider?

Fain. Yes, while the Inſtrument is drawing, to which you muſt ſet your Hand 'till more ſufficient Deeds can be perfected: which I will take care ſhall be done with all poſſible ſpeed. In the mean while I'll go for the ſaid Inſtrument, and 'till my Return you may balance this Matter in your own Diſcretion.

SCENE VII.

Lady Wiſhfort, *Mrs.* Marwood.

Lady. This Inſolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; muſt I be ſubject to this mercileſs Villain?

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Tis severe indeed, Madam, that you shou'd smart for your Daughter's Wantonness.

Lady. 'Twas against my Consent that she marry'd this Barbarian, but she wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out. —— Ah! her first Husband, my Son *Languish*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my Choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a Witness —— I shall be mad, dear Friend, is there no Comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this Rebel-rate? —— Here come two more of my *Egyptian* Plagues too.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] Millamant, *Sir* Wilfull.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your Servant.

Lady. Out *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir *Wil.* I confess I have been a little in Disguise, as they say, —— 'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no Offence, Aunt —— and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a Pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my Cousin. So pray let's all be Friends, she and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witness.

Lady. How's this, dear Niece? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

Milla. I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repose, Madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the Plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Person, and be a Witness,

Witneſs that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*; and for the Contract that paſs'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Reſignation of it in your Ladyſhip's Preſence; ——— He is without, and waits your Leave for Admittance.

Lady. Well, I ſwear I am ſomething reviv'd at this Teſtimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor, ——— I fear I cannot fortify my ſelf to ſupport his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I ſee him I fear I ſhall turn to Stone, petrify inceſſantly.

Milla. If you diſoblige him he may reſent your Refuſal, and inſiſt upon the Contract ſtill. Then 'tis the laſt time he will be offenſive to you.

Lady. Are you ſure it will be the laſt time ——— If I were ſure of that ——— ſhall I never ſee him again?

Milla. Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart the Gentleman's a civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why, we are ſworn Brothers and Fellow-Travellers. ——— We are to be *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, he and I ——— He is to be my Interpreter in foreign Parts. He has been Over-ſeas once already; and with *proviſo* that I marry my Couſin, will croſs 'em once again, only to bear me Company. ——— 'Sheart, I'll call him in, —— an I ſet on't once, he ſhall come in; and ſee who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the Door and bawls.*

Mrs. *Mar.* This is precious Fooling, if it wou'd paſs; but I'll know the Bottom of it.

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mar. Not far, Madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Lady Wishfort, Millamant, *Sir* Wilfull, Mirabell.

Sir *Wil.* Look up, Man, I'll stand by you, 'sbud an she do frown, she can't kill you; —— Besides, ——— harkee she dare not frown desperately, because her Face is none of her own; 'Sheart, and she shou'd, her Forehead wou'd wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream-Cheese; but mum for that, Fellow-Traveller.

Mira. If a deep Sense of the many Injuries I have offer'd to so good a Lady, with a sincere Remorse, and a hearty Con[illegible] but obtain the least Glance of Compassio[illegible] too happy, ——— Ah Madam, there was a time ——— But let it be forgotten ——— I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high Place I once held of sighing at your Feet; nay, kill me not, by by turning from me in Disdain ——— I come not to plead for Favour; — Nay, not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity — I am going where I never shall behold you more ———

Sir *Wil.* How, Fellow-Traveller! ——— You shall go by your self then.

Mira. Let me be pitied first, and afterwards forgotten. ——— I ask no more.

Sir *Wil.* By'r Lady a very reasonable Request, and will cost you nothing, Aunt — Come, come, forgive and forget, Aunt; why you must an you are a Christian.

Mira. Consider, Madam, in reality, you could not receive much Prejudice; it was an innocent Device; tho' I confess it had a Face of Guiltiness, ——— it was at most an Artifice which Love contriv'd ——— And Errors which Love produces have ever been accounted Pardonable. At least think it is Punishment enough, that I have

have loſt what in my Heart I hold moſt dear, that to your cruel Indignation I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay, all my Hopes of future Comfort.

Sir *Wil.* An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be o' *the Quorum*, —— An it were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again, ——— I I wou'd I might never take Shipping —— Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I ſhall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry; ——— One doleful Sigh more from my Fellow-Traveller, and 'tis diſſolv'd.

Lady. Well, Nephew, upon your Account —— Ah, he has a falſe inſinuating Tongue —— Well, Sir, I will ſtifle my juſt Reſentment at my Nephew's Requeſt. —— I will endeavour what I can to forget, —— but on *proviſo* that you reſign the Contract with my Niece immediately.

Mira. It is in Writing, and with Papers of Concern; but I have ſent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all the Acknowledgments for your tranſcendent Goodneſs.

Lady. Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue; ——When I did not ſee him I could have brib'd a Villain to his Aſſaſſination; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have ſo long lain ſmother'd in my Breaſt —— [*Aſide.*

SCENE X.

[*To them*] Fainall, *Mrs.* Marwood.

Fain. Your Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expir'd. Here is the Inſtrument; are you prepar'd to ſign?

Lady. If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My Niece

Niece exerts a lawful Claim, having match'd her self by my Direction to Sir *Wilfull*.

Fain. That Sham is too groſs to paſs on me —— tho' 'tis impos'd on you, Madam.

Mills. Sir, I have given my Conſent.

Mira. And, Sir, I have reſign'd my Pretenſions.

Sir *Wil.* And Sir, I aſſert my Right; and will maintain it in Defiance of you, Sir, and of your Inſtrument. 'Sheart an you talk of an Inſtrument, Sir, I have an old Fox by my Thigh ſhall hack your Inſtrument of *Ram Vellum* to Shreds, Sir. It ſhall not be ſufficient for a *Mittimus* or a Tailor's Meaſure; therefore withdraw your Inſtrument, Sir, or by'r Lady I ſhall draw mine.

Lady. Hold, Nephew, hold.

Mills. Good Sir *Wilfull*, reſpite your Valour.

Fain. Indeed! Are you provided of your Guard, with your ſingle Beef-eater there? But I'm prepar'd for you; and inſiſt upon my firſt Propoſal. You ſhall ſubmit your own Eſtate to my Management, and abſolutely make over my Wife's to my ſole Uſe; as purſuant to the Purport and Tenor of this other Covenant —— I ſuppoſe, Madam, your Conſent is not requiſite in this Caſe; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your Reſignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right. —— You may draw your Fox if you pleaſe, Sir, and make a *Bear-garden* Flouriſh ſomewhere elſe: For here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wiſhfort*, muſt be ſubſcrib'd, or your darling Daughter's turn'd a-drift, like a leaky Hulk, to ſink or ſwim, as ſhe and the Current of this lewd Town can agree.

Lady. Is there no Means, no Remedy to ſtop my Ruin? Ungrateful Wretch! doſt thou not owe thy Being, thy Subſiſtence, to my Daughter's Fortune?

Fain. I'll anſwer you when I have the reſt of it in my Poſſeſſion.

Mira. But that you wou'd not accept of a Remedy from my Hands — I own I have not deſerv'd you ſhou'd ever lay Obligation to me; or elſe perhaps I cou'd adviſe —

Lady.

Lady. O what? what? to ſave me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's paſt; nay, I'll conſent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

Mira. Ay, Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have diſpos'd of her, who only cou'd have made me a Compenſation for all my Services; ——— But be it as it may, I am reſolv'd I'll ſerve you; you ſhall not be wrong'd in this ſavage manner.

Lady. How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be ſo generous at laſt! But it is not poſſible. Harkee, I'll break my Nephew's Match; you ſhall have my Niece yet, and all her Fortune, if you can but ſave me from this imminent Danger.

Mira. Will you? I take you at your Word. I aſk no more. I muſt have leave for two Criminals to appear.

Lady. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mira. Foible is one, and a Penitent.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* Fainall, Foible, Mincing.

Mrs. *Mar.* O my Shame! Theſe corrupt Things are brought hither to expoſe me. [*To* Fain.

[Mira. *and* Lady *go to Mrs.* Fain. *and* Foib.

Fain. If it muſt all come out, why let 'em know it; 'tis but the *Way of the World*. That ſhall not urge me to relinquiſh or abate one Tittle of my Terms; no, I will inſiſt the more.

Foib. Yes indeed, Madam, I'll take my Bible-oath of it.

Minc. And ſo will I, *Mem*.

Lady

Lady. O *Marwood*, *Marwood*, art thou falſe? My Friend deceive me! Haſt thou been a wicked Accomplice with that profligate Man?

Mrs. *Mar.* Have you ſo much Ingratitude and Injuſtice to give Credit againſt your Friend, to the Aſperſions of two ſuch mercenary Trulls?

Mine. Mercenary, *Mem*? I ſcorn your Words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue Garret; by the ſame Token, you ſwore us to Secrecy upon *Meſſalina*'s Poems. Mercenary? No, if we wou'd have been mercenary, we ſhou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us ſufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an inſignificant Thing. —— Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. *Mirabell*'s Expedient? I'll be put off no longer ——— You, Thing, that was a Wife, ſhall ſmart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body ſhall be Naked as your Reputation.

Mrs. *Fain.* I deſpiſe you, and defy your Malice —— You have aſpers'd me wrongfully ——— I have prov'd Your Falſhood ——— Go you and your treacherous —— I will not name it, but ſtarve together —— Periſh.

Fain. Not while you are worth a Groat, indeed, my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Mirabell*, this is ſmall Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

Mira. O in good time —— Your Leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.

SCENE XII.

[*In them*] Waitwell *with a Box of Writings.*

Lady. O Sir *Rowland*, —— Well, Rafcal.

Wait. What your Lady bid me ſay. —— I have brought the Black-Box at laſt, Madam.

Mira.

Mira. Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promiſe.

Lady. Ay, dear Sir.

Mira. Where are the Gentlemen?

Wait. At hand, Sir, rubbing their Eyes, — juſt riſen from Sleep.

Fain. 'Sdeath, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private Concerns.

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] Petulant, Witwoud.

Pet. How now? what's the matter? whoſe Hand's out?

Wit. Hey day! what are you all got together, like Players at the End of the laſt Act?

Mira. You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requeſted your Hands as Witneſſes to a certain Parchment.

Wit. Ay I do, my Hand I remember —— *Petulant* ſet his Mark.

Mira. You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as ſhall appear ——— You do not remember, Gentlemen, any thing of what that Parchment contained ———

[*Undoing the Box.*

Wit. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mira. Very well, now you ſhall know —— Madam, your Promiſe.

Lady. Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honour.

Mira. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now Time that you ſhou'd know, that your Lady, while ſhe was at her own Diſpoſal, and before you had by your Inſinuations wheedl'd her out of a pretended Settlement of the greateſt Part of her Fortune ———

Fain.

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mira. Yes, Sir. I say that this Lady while a Widow, having it seems receiv'd some Cautions respecting your Inconstancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from her own partial Opinion and Fondness of you she cou'd never have suspected —— she did, I say, by the wholsome Advice of Friends and Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this same as her Act and Deed to me in Trust, and to the Uses within mention'd. You may read if you please —— [*Holding out the Parchment.*] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may serve your Occasions.

Fain. Very likely, Sir. What's here? Damnation!

[*Reads.*] *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Estate real of* Arabella Languish, *Widow in Trust to* Edward Mirabell.

Confusion!

Mira. Even so, Sir, 'tis *the Way of the World*, Sir; of the Widows of the World. I suppose this Deed may bear an elder Date than what you have obtain'd from your Lady.

Fain. Perfidious Fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd. —

[*Offers to run at Mrs.* Fain.

Sir *Wil.* Hold, Sir, now you may make your *Bear-Garden* flourish somewhere else, Sir.

Fain. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, Sir, be sure you shall, —— Let me pass, Oaf.

Mrs. *Fain.* Madam, you seem to stifle your Resentment: You had better give it Vent.

Mrs. *Mar.* Yes, it shall have Vent —— and to your Confusion, or I'll perish in the Attempt.

SCENE

SCENE *the Laſt.*

Lady Wiſhfort, Millamant, Mirabell, *Mrs.* Fainall, *Sir* Wilfull, Petulant, Witwoud, Foible, Mincing, Waitwell.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain thou haſt inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs. *Fain.* Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious Friend, to whoſe Advice all is owing.

Lady. Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your Promiſe —— and I muſt perform mine. —— Firſt, I pardon, for your ſake, Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible* —— The next thing is to break the Matter to my Nephew —— and how to do that ——

Mira. For that, Madam, give your ſelf no Trouble, —— let me have your Conſent —— Sir *Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Compaſſion upon Lovers, and generouſly engag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our Service; and now deſigns to proſecute his Travels.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, Aunt, I have no mind to marry. My Couſin's a fine Lady, and the Gentleman loves her, and ſhe loves him, and they deſerve one another; my Reſolution is to ſee foreign Parts —— I have ſet on't —— and when I'm ſet on't, I muſt do't. And if theſe two Gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be ſpar'd.

Pet. For my part, I ſay little —— I think things are beſt off or on.

Wit. I gad I underſtand nothing of the matter. —— I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a Dancing-School.

Lady. Well, Sir, take her, and with her all the Joy I can give you.

Millam.

Millw. Why does the Man take me? Wou'd you have me give my self to you over again?

Mira. Ay, and over and over again. [*Kiss her Hand.*] I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my Fear.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean time; that we who are not Lovers may have some other Employment, besides looking on.

Mira. With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wilfull.* What shall we do for Musick?

Foib. O Sir, some that were provided for Sir *Rowland*'s Entertainment are yet within Call. [*A Dance.*

Lady. As I am a Person I can hold out no longer;—I have wasted my Spirits so to day already, that I am ready to sink under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have some Fears upon me yet, that my Son *Fainall* will pursue some desperate Course.

Mira. Madam, dismiss me your fears on that account; for my Knowledge in his Circumstances are such, he must of Force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lies to a Reunion; in the mean time, Madam, [*To Mrs. Fainall.*] let us before these Witnesses submit to you this Deed of Trust; it may be a Means, however, to make you Easy easily reconciled.

From Hence let Hate be vanish'd, each Heart to find
Soft Pity there, and Love in every Mind;
For each Deceiver to his Cost may find,
That Marriage Triumph'd o'er the Art and Wit.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

After our Epilogue *this Crowd dismisses,*
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.
But pray consider, ere you doom its Fall,
How hard a thing 'tis to please you all.
There are some Critick so with Spleen diseas'd,
They scarcely come unwilling to be pleas'd:
And sure he must have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleases any one against his Will.
Then, all bad Poets we can scare are Foes,
And how their Numbers strength'd, the Town well knows:
In Shoals I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit;
Tho' they're, on no Pretence, for Judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for want of Wit.
Since when, they by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Critics on Plays, and finding Fault.
Others there are whose Malice we'd prevent;
Such who to Copies Plays with Scurrilous Intent
Go mark the Man by Characters are meant.
And tho' no perfect Likeness they can trace,
Yet much pretend to know the Copy'd Face:
Their own ill-natur'd Guesses find their Ill-nature,
And turn to Libel where none meant a Satire.
Mayst such malicious Fops this Fortune find,
To think themselves alone the Fools design'd:
If any are so arrogantly Vain,
To think they singly can support a Scene,
And fancy Fool enough to entertain.

EPILOGUE.

For shall the Learn'd and the Judicious hear
That Satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
As any one abstracted Fop to shew.
For, as when Painters form a matchless Face,
They from each Fair one catch some diff'rent Grace;
And shining Features in one Portrait blend,
To which no single Beauty must pretend:
So Poets oft do in one Piece expose
Whole Belles Assemblées of Coquets and Beaux.

FINIS.